

DISORDER

January - 1997

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with

Cindy Dall

Dinner with



Railroad Jerk

Also: Modest Mouse,

Francois Houle

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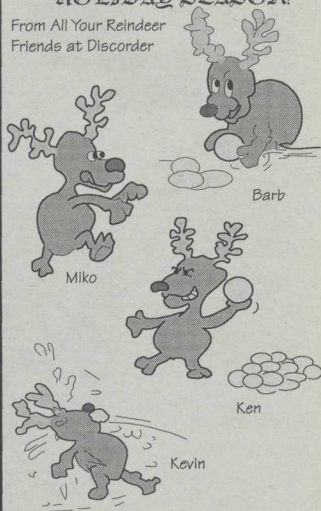


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DISORDER

JANUARY 1997 ISSUE #168

FEATURES

MODEST MOUSE	8
TEN DAYS LATE	9
RAILROAD JERK	10
FRANCOIS HOULE	12
SUBCULT. PART 1	13
CYNDY DALL	14

COLUMNS

COWSHEAD CHRONICLES	4
VANCOUVER SPECIAL	5
DIARY OF JONNIE LOAF BOY	5
INTERVIEW HELL	6
SHINDIG	16
BASSLINES	17
PRINTED MATTERS	18
SEVEN INCH	19
BETWEEN THE LINES	19
REAL LIVE ACTION	20
UNDER REVIEW	22
CHARTS	24
ON THE DIAL	26
DECEMBER/JANUARY DATEBOOK	27

COVER

OUR 14TH YEAR! AND WHAT A CLASSY COVER TO RING IN 1997! HAPPY NEW YEAR. TEN DAYS LATE PHOTO BY JAMIE BLAIN, RAILROAD JERK PHOTO BY LORI KIESSLING. GRAPHIC DUH-SIGN BY KEN "I LOVE FLOWERS!" PAUL.

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THE GATE

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DEC/JAN CALENDAR

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FRI. with TONE, ANOTHER JOE
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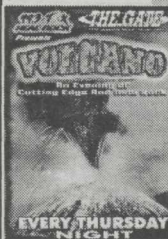
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dear airhead

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Dear DISORDER,

Here I sit — an American on my first visit to Canada. Too hungover to make it far from this Granville St. hotel, so I'm shuffling through your paper. People keep telling me long lists of famous people from Canada ... Peter Jennings, Michael J. Fox, etc. etc. I keep saying, "thanks for 'kids in the hall' but can you please take Michael J. Fox back?" They vehemently say, "no, you can keep him!"

That doesn't change the fact that they brought him up in a bragging way in the first place.

Anyway, we'll keep sending the guys and racism.

J.T. COLFAX (of San Francisco)

Vancouver 29.11.96

Hello!

I read the DISORDER while I was travelling around Vancouver and B.C. I have spent 6 weeks here. One of the best things I have seen here is ... your newspaper. Now I'm going back to Geneva (Switzerland) ... maybe you will be interested in my band: "i MERICANI" ... well, I wanted to send you our CD. OKI Happy Buy Nothing Day!
Robert

Dear DISORDER,

First thank you for keeping Intermusic on mailing list. Your magazine is great (mostly by gig flyers inside and some inter-

views). I will write more about expressions the following time when I receive a reply from you.

I would like to get in contact with people who do adverts and gig flyers (gig adverts) in DISORDER to learn something more about the same thing. I love doing these things and my influences are New Musical Express, Melody Maker and DISORDER and I'm doing it for my self and I am not doing it for anyone else, bands over here do not understand the meaning of a gig flyer, they do with hands or with adhesive letters or selfadhesive backgrounds it is slow and doesn't look well. I would like to exchange the knowledge and send diskettes for these things to get something new — there are numerous things undiscovered and I would like to get to know it. Again, this is a personal thing if you can help it is much appreciated.

I am preparing two new 7" singles and will send them to you free soon. I don't expect them to be reviewed (I know you can't review small labels apparently not from Yugoslavia) but will send anyway.

Sincerely,
Ovidio Obradovic (of Yugoslavia)

Dear DISORDER,

I am writing in regards to the events that occurred at Rock for Choice when Team Dresch played. I am writing because I was sickened by the aggressive and invasive jock-like behaviour displayed by the girls on the dance floor who were moshing. I would have thought that because the women in Team Dresch promote women's self defense and safety that the space would have been 1) safe, and 2) a place where my boundaries would have not been invaded. I apparently was wrong.

The moment that Team Dresch started to play, drunk teenage girls started to mosh; it seemed they wanted to imitate the violence and stupidity that can be seen at any male-dominated heavy metal and hardcore event. Not only should the drunk, wannabe jocks have taken responsibility for their actions, but the organizers of the show should have planned better safety precautions. There should have been better crowd served at an all-ages show and if they absolutely had to, they should have at least been ID'ing people. There also should have been security guards cuz as was proven at the show, women are abusers too. I also want women who mosh to realize just what their actions are saying: that you advocate violence and are not willing to take responsibility for the damage that you have created.
andrea fernandez
box 15-199 w. Hastings, Vancouver, bc, V6B 1H4

• cowshead chronicles •

What do we need? What do we want? Better yet, what do you want? What is it that you need? The new year brings with it a whole new set of rules and regulations that we try so hard to adhere to. Some self-imposed, some not. Lately I have been trying to set things straight. Get my house in order, as it were. Setting individual goals, not resolutions which we all know are ideas set to make us fail, but instead small measures of success for myself. And only for myself. Some know of my plans, others have no idea and could probably care less. One woman recently told me that I wasn't very ambitious and said it like she knew what she was talking about. She could probably care less. One woman recently told me that I wasn't very ambitious and said it like she knew what she was talking about. She doesn't. But it wasn't really up to me to set her straight. Why should I bother? What's the point? She is, in my candid estimation, a person with very little going on, but that's my opinion only, and what do I know? But to stoop and try and defend myself seemed fruitless. In a pinch I'd probably leave her stranded on a street corner awaiting her demise at the hands of thugs rather than help her so why should I try and bail myself out just to make myself look better in her eyes? Fuck it. But back to my ambition. I have set goals and I plan on carrying through with them. To the end. Be the final result, failure or success. I have recently put several pokies in the collective fire and am now hoping one will catch and not burn me as I have been before. I hate to say it, well maybe not, but it's about cash. We all need some and I could use a little about now. Some of the opportunities seem red-hot while others are still Luke-warm but still have potential. So what's this all mean? Well, in a nutshell, and it's somewhat old and tired, but the time has come to stop working for other's goals. Your boss, I'm sure s/he's a good guy and you need the job s/he provides, but get out and do your own thing. Maybe you want to make web-pages at home, deliver organic produce door-to-door (my step-sister and her husband did in San Francisco and recently sold their business for \$30 000 us not bad) or sell mary kays. Whatever. This is your year. Get on it. I'm not saying you'll be successful but shit, try it. Hell, I may end up scouring the alleys for bottles come march but at least I will have given it my best shot. Hope springs eternal. By your own boss and you can smoke when you want, and maybe even sleep in late every once in a while. Have a great year, my cowshead followers. You deserve it. (Wow. Did I just write an upbeat column? Shit. I'll have to try harder next month.)
gth ...

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• what we listened to •

railroad jerk, cyndi dall, hanson brothers, spent, funky porcini, village of savoonga, lamb, rachel's, lois, lois, seely, yo la tengo, rex, heavenly, star pimp, butter 08, new model army, social distortion, v/a • project echo, go sailor, descendents, modest mouse, sloan, witchdoctor highball, aural tentacles, late night CITR 101.9 FM and CBC's Brave New Waves

SUBLIME WANTS YOU TOO!

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SUBLIME CONTEST

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juniper daily

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http://jazz.axionet.com/jd/



vancouver special

by janis mckenzie

Mr. Dole "demo guy" Sawyer is takin' a lil holiday and Ms. Kallit has moved over to page 16 for now. Thank goodness for Janis!

local CD reviews!

JUDY ATKIN

Rusted Chrome Glory (Superdune)

A regular at the Railway Club's "Grrrrs with Guitars" nights and veteran of years of TV and small club appearances, **Judy Atkin** (with guitarist/co-writer/husband David Desormeaux) has finally put out a CD herself.

Slow, folksy, and full of off-balance rhythms and arrangements, sometimes conventional harmonies, prickly-pensive lyrics, and sung with an assured sweet/fussy voice, the music isn't the usual CTR thing (as if there is one), but would make a nice stocking-stuffer for the postmodern folk-girl fans in your life.

SOOK-YIN LEE Wigg's 'n' Guns (Zulu)

How does she find the time? Now a MuchMusic star in Toronto, **Sook-Yin Lee** (also of **Bob's Your Uncle** fame) has released yet another solo CD on Zulu. And this really is 11 — she wrote and arranged 11 of the 15 songs completely on her own (she cowrote two of the others), and recorded, produced, and mixed the entire thing herself.

Long-time fans won't be surprised to hear that, like **Chester Brown's** weird artwork on the cover and insert, Sook-Yin's music is completely competent and confident even as it does disturbing things, ranging from hauntingly lovely on a Chinese lullaby (at least I think it's a lullaby), to eerie soaring and dropping, to spitting out some damn brutal lyrics. No one else does spooky, disturbing avant-garde like Sook-Yin Lee — don't file in Easy Listening!

THE VINAIGRETTES Gross Negligée (Vinegarworks/Incentive)

First of all, let me confess that I've been a fan of the **Vinaigrettes** since the girl members stuck a temporary tattoo on me (completely unsolicited, really!) in the women's washroom at the old Malcolm Lowry Room a couple of years ago. Live, this Victoria band is an irresistible combination of bitter lyrics, goofy antics and costumes, and apparently endless energy — you can see some of the goofiness, at least, on the cover art, where the boys and girls all harn it up in see-through nightgowns (get it?). There are lots of reasons to like this CD with all its clever songs, its cheerful, fast-paced, countryish music, backup vocals by **Pigment Vehicle**, and even a delicious cover of "Ring of Fire," but all this only conspires to make me want to see them in Vancouver again soon. Come back, Vinaigrettes!

HOW NOT TO GROW UP

by Mr. Chris (Someone who isn't, but sure feels old sometimes.)

"And here is the best part, you have a head start, if you are among the very young at heart." (Frank Sinatra)

Wise words, and you know how old that guy is. I'm only 23, but occasionally I swear I feel the clammy hand of Death draw closer and closer. Growing old in a progressively younger scene. My life slipping away day by day — growing — well, you get the idea. Anyway, if you ever have these thoughts as well, here's a few tips that may help alleviate the stress and postholiday blues, and give you a new year's resolution to a fresh and exciting life.

1) **PLAY WITH TOYS** — I can't emphasize how important this point is. Just go ahead and do it. I probably made quite the fool of myself in the mall a couple of weeks ago with my new Bobo Felt action figure, but I'll spare you the details. Suffice it to say that between my imagination and his backpack, Bobo can do some pretty remarkable things. If action figures or dolls aren't quite your speed, there's still fun stuff like yo-yos (cool), paddleboards, jacks — you know, TOYS OF SKILL! Impress your friends, and make new ones. You'd be surprised how many people will become all friendly and start spontaneously talking to you simply because you can Rock the Cradle.

2) **DON'T CARE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK OF YOU** — Yeah, I know this is hard, but it's essential. Look at it this way — kids do stuff all the time with their friends that adults think are totally foolish. Why should *you*? Do you care so much what some stuffy businessman with his briefcase and mortgage thinks of you? God, I hope not. As long as you've got a group of close and supportive friends (who nonetheless are going to raise their eyebrows at you from time to time) you shouldn't be too hard-pressed to overcome this minor obstacle. Hell, get them to join in; you'd be surprised how easy it is to fall back into that frame of mind if you let yourself. Go down to a local pretentious coffee shop and unload knapsacks of toys. G.I. Joe, Star Wars, Barbie — whatever ya got. Construct elaborate dioramas on the tabletops. Simulate loud explosions and casualties. Conduct dramatic disputes and the violent retribution on the Ken dolls that follows. — Make raspberries at the help when they try to kick you out. Try it. It's fun!

3) **DO WHAT YOU NEED TO DO TO HAVE FUN** — I think this is fairly self-explanatory. If you're not having fun doing things, why are you doing them? As kids, we rarely did stuff that we didn't find fun, unless we were being pressured by adults or weird peer groups. And having fun applies to so many things. Your job, for instance. I know, jobs aren't supposed to be fun, but there are different degrees of "Not Fun." If you are trapped in a job you'll get paid-whatever-give-you-and-smile fastfood job, you have to question WHY you're doing it, and if you can't give yourself a good answer — GET OUT! A lot of adults criticize this view and say that young folks today want instant gratification and don't want to work toward anything. I'm not saying don't work for anything. I'm saying don't give yourself added mental angst by doing away at McDonald's trying vainly to achieve managerial status. As for the rest of the jobs out there, well, there's a lot to be said for the Mary Poppins' attitude: "With every job that must be done there is an element of fun, just find the fun and SNAP, the job's a game!" Let's face it, most people out there don't want to be doing service sector jobs for the rest of their lives. Accept the situation as just short-term and figure out fun ways to goof off when the boss' back is turned.

THE BOTTOM LINE — No matter what you choose to do for employment and leisure: Doowatchyalike, and don't let The Man bring ya down. *

from the diary of jonnie loaf boy

December 4

"That station manager, of ours, can sure yell. She just found out about my complaint to the CRTC. Apparently, using a CTR cover sheet does not reflect well on the station. Every time I walk past her office, she throws 7's at me. Those little buggers really hurt, especially the indie releases. They're made from such cheap vinyl that they shatter into dozens of jagged shards upon impact. One particularly nasty piece of vinyl shrapnel gave me an ugly cut on my forehead. I think it was from a Minn records release. I told the station manager that she'd better hope I don't get vinyl poisoning. Needless to say, I got no sympathy."

"I have been avoiding DJ Dinette all day. I do not think she will be pleased to see me. Apparently, she will have to go before a CRTC panel and explain the rationale behind playing disc covers of reggae tunes. How is this going to explain that I am going to crucify her."

December 11

"I have finally succeeded in acquiring the snores of Witchdoctor Highball. Every Wednesday morning I have been secretly reviewing the log tapes in the hope that he'll be asleep during his show. Today I struck pay dirt! Last night, the good doctor was asleep for at least an hour and his rhythmic and exquisite snores were captured on audio tape. I have made a copy of his snores and have begun what has turned into a lengthy editing job. You would not believe how hard it is to extract the occasional inadequate snore from the multitude of perfect ones. Plus there is the odd snort which, of course, must be removed. I will not rest until I have distilled the essence of snore!"

"My editing job is complicated by the fact that I can't use any of the station equipment. Last week, DJ Dinette threatened to kick me repeatedly in the head if she ever saw me again. I have been slinking in and out of the station ever since, and I do not spend more than ten minutes there. Fortunately, I have been able to edit the tape on my answering machine. It is not the most ideal piece of equipment, but it does the trick."

"DJ Dinette's threats have also prevented me from doing my radio show. Fortunately, my intrepid co-host, the Virgin Murray, has offered to host solo until DJ Dinette cools down. I am a bit worried about Murray. He has taken to eating chalk in the DJ booth, in an effort to make his voice smoother and more melodious. I think his admiration for Jurgen was a special case. I have told him that Jurgen uses a special microphone to achieve his creamy baritone, but Murray doesn't believe me. I am uneasy leaving Murray alone in the DJ booth. If he chokes on a piece of chalk, I will be plagued by guilt."

December 16

"Today, I mailed my Christmas gift to Patti Schmidt. She is sure to enjoy the ceramic bust of Elvis. The postage of Elvis is too steep, but Patti is worth every penny. I mailed it using the new Disney stamps, an irony that I am sure she will appreciate. I wrote her a note on one of my pairs of white boxer shorts. It read:

"My beloved Patti, I pray that all is well, and that CBC budget cuts leave you untouched. Holiday cheer to you, and the rest of the Brave New Waves gang. Please accept this small gift as a token of my deep appreciation for your work. Wishing you a delicious new year. Love, Jonnie."

P.S. I have not yet received a response to my last seven letters, but I am sure you will reply good time."

December 22

"I usually spend the Winter Solstice blind drunk, naked, and smeared with grapes, but this year I was too busy editing the *Witchdoctor Highball Symphony*. I managed to overlay the doctor's snores with other found sounds, to create a wonderfully textured composition. The rhythm of the snores are punctured by some of DJ Noah's sneezes which I captured on tape during his bout with the Istanbul flu. I also blended in some of El Doctor del Rimo's trills, some of Postman Pat's notorious farts, a Doot-doot-doot-doot from the Human Service, and a blood curdling scream from DJ Dinette. I also included the requisite jungle beats and some squawks from my electric violin. Murray is impressed that I was able to edit the piece on my answering machine. He says it gives me bonus lo-fi indie Cred. I have no idea what Indie Cred means, but I couldn't agree with him more."

"I have sent my tape to Dale the Demo Guy, in the hope that it will become a campus radio hit. I also took the liberty of sending a copy to the Poetry Vixen and Vixen. They are sure to include it on the next Poetry Show. There is nothing as poetic as the snore."

December 26

"Christmas at the station was splendid! Nordvuar took off his touque for the first time in years to don a Santa cap. He hobbled about the station on his crutches, hollering in a high pitched and jolly voice and handed out purple candy canes to anyone he could catch. I have not seen him this lively since the Naiz Boiz incident."

"We also got a wonderful Christmas gift from Fern and her team of engineers. They used their newly perfected Antenna Resonance Device to knock out the FOX's broadcast signal. For two glorious hours, FOX listeners were treated to the bliss of radio silence. Fern was overcome with euphoria and kept yelling, 'This is the new sound of corporate rock!' In between bits of her mother's yummy fruit cake. Unfortunately, Fern's device also fried our station's audio compressor, and we will be unable to broadcast until it is repaired. Of course, none of us are complaining. As Fern remarked, it is such a small price to pay for the defeat of radio pimps."

Radio Interview

Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell can be heard
Thursdays from 9-11 pm on CTR 101.9 Fm

Electrosonics

Who are you? (names, instruments played)

(In photo, clockwise from top left)

Clare: sixstring electric guitars, vocals, Acetone organ.

Curtis: drum kit, Korg bass pedals, Moog monophonic, Rhodes electric piano, Synare sensor. Eric: bass guitar, vocals, loop steel, Moog taurus bass pedals.

Heather: six and twelve-string electric guitars, Farfisa and Acetone organs, Moog and Sequential polyphonic, Arp monophonic, background vocals.

Why did you ditch the French moniker?

For a few heady weeks, we were French. Les Electrosonics was the trix chic outcome of an evening spent ruining a friend's party: we became drunk on Mai Tais and began boorishly interrupting anybody who said something that sounded like a band name. Everything sounds like a band name if you put your mind to it. We played two shows as Les Electrosonics, amid some confusion as to whether we were actually French. Meanwhile, we were getting self-conscious about our dreadful accents. We liked it, but it made us a bit uncomfortable, but we couldn't keep from giggling whenever we said it. So, English.

Do you expect to get sued by the Canadian electronic component corporation, Electrosonic?

Well, considering that the parts used by Eric to construct Clare's fuzz pedal were purchased there, they'd have a red cheek doing so. Although, to be honest, corporate Canada has no time for small-potatoes, trance-pop miscreants like ourselves; we didn't even know that they existed until nerdboy

heard about them from some other electronic geeks. Then of course, we had to check them out — their logo doesn't look as nifty as ours.

What was the best vintage equipment find of your lives?

Curtis scored a cache of analog rhythm equipment from famed lounge musician Ramino, who can be seen nightly at the Sutton Place Hotel. Heather and Eric found an Acetone Top-8 in Value Village, and Clare obtained a hard-to-find Hoover SUSC 2000 conister vac from an undisclosed source.

Heather, what do you remember about your 'garage' days with the Knightstalkers, Snugglers and Gruesomes?



You may be misinformed as to my involvement in this scene. I really was only a fan/observer during this period in the late 1980's. In fact, I rather stumbled on a Gruesomes gig at the Town Pump by accident, and there I was first introduced into the groovy world of '60s garage retro. In fact, this was the show where I met members of the first band I even played with, The Worst. The Knightstalkers were one of the my favourite local bands at the time, who sounded like The Shadows of Knight crossed with The Pixies. The Snugglers were cool, and they still are, but I liked them better then when they had more of a 'bluesy' thing going, especially with their harmonica player. The Gruesomes, of course, were Canadian garage heroes. I saw every show they did in Vancouver, had them over for home-cooked meals when they were on tour, went bowling with them and The Snugglers in the Thunderbird Lanes in North Vancouver.

Where did you get your OWN Printing press?

We actually don't have our own printing press; what we have is a small Japanese job that is, in essence, a 5"x5" silk screener. It's called a Print Gocco and you can get it at Opus on Granville Island. It lets you do high-resolution, full-colour printing without going to the printer. Very helpful for handbills.

Ask yourself TWO questions and answer them, please.

Q: What does your music do to people?

A: During shows, it's kind of thrilling to see the lithe trances that people go into, and the reaction that occurs when there's a sense of momentum and connection. When we play, we want to give people an acute awareness of their surrounding and atmosphere; we want to engage them in the surge of a song, make their hair stand up, make them all froth over.

Q: How did your sounds translate onto disc?

A: It was a wonderful experience recording the EP. The recorded arrangements are pretty much exactly as they're played live, with a few overdubs; we were so happy with the final mixes.

Discography:

The Electrosonics CD EP released on Guiddity Records and Drive-In Records. We also contributed one song ("Star Scream") to the Tiddlywinks compilation on Chester's Funtime Record Collection.

Contact name and address:

The Electrosonics, Box 215, 101-1184 Denman Street, Vancouver, BC, V6G 2M9
e-mail: electrc@axionet.com

The Emptys

Who are you? (names, ages, instruments played)

The Emptys consist of two Bills, one Randy, and a Ken all born in the late '60s and early '70s. Three of us sing and play stringed instruments while one

of us rings and plays skinned instruments.

Are the Emptys still on Cargo?

That's a good question. In a technical sense, the Emptys were never on Cargo as Meatlocker Farnoise was only manufactured and distributed by Cargo. The label prominently displayed on our CD is BangOn which is owned by Cargo Canada. At present we have no idea how they feel about our band, our video, our tour, our sales, and referendum, the CBC, Canadian Airlines, etc. We are, however, going to be recording a new album early in 1997, so stay tuned for more details.

Describe the nicest Silvertone Guitar ever made.

The nicest Silvertone guitar ever made is whatever one Randy happens to be playing at the time. They all look so good on him.

How has Mr. Ho helped out the Emptys? Is he really the unsung hero of the Vancouver scene?

Mr. Ho rebuffed Ken's Gibson Mariner for an extremely reasonable price, although Randy says if you want a second opinion, Paul Basto is the best man. As far as being an unsung hero of the Vancouver scene, Mr. Ho does have a signed picture of Moist on the wall of his shop so...

If you are the Emptys from Vancouver (Isn't there an Emptys from, like, Virginia?), whom would you deem to be 'full' from our fair town?

Vancouver is 'full' of great bands such as Bughouse Five, Stervus, Signal 30, Manifold, Red Sugar, Bug, Chris Houston's Evil Twang, Pure, the Stellar Jays, It's Not My Onion, Daytona, Big Gulp, Punched Unconscious, the Dirty Harriets, Perfume Tree and Happily Manitoba to name just a few. Virginia, as far as we know, is as 'empty' as always.

Do the Emptys have any 'fresh' techniques in your live act? (Hand signals, smashing pinyatas, etc...)

The freshest thing about the Emptys' live show is that you are very unlikely to hear any song played the same way twice. Sometimes, we will add a verse and other times we might drop a bridge. The stage has sometimes been threatened to be overcome by pedals and lately the audience has taken to covering what's left of the floor with pitchers of beer and shooters. We are sometimes joined onstage by Dan Jones from Manifold who grooves us with melodic notes of feedback played through his special homemade tube, the name of which is so long it escapes me now but is affectionately known as Danny's Secret Weapon. We are also working on the choreography for our upcoming "Marching with the Emptys Show" and we can now play three entire songs while remaining horizontal.

Ask yourself TWO questions and answer them.

Q: The Emptys went on tour in the summer. Name some highlights.

A: We went from playing to three people in Thunder Bay at a club which had lost its liquor license one week earlier to playing in front of a packed crowd with Jala in Ottawa. We also played two nights at the Horseshoe in Toronto with Daytona one night and Ron Hawkins and David Gray another night. The headlining band at our show in Saskatoon (Maow) didn't show up so we played two sets and gave away t-shirts to anyone who knew the words to the *Littlest Hobo* theme. The week we played in Winnipeg there was something called Folklorama happening so all the bars had extended licenses 'til 3:00am. This meant the club owner would not let us go on until after 2:00am which on a Tuesday night was a little short of ridiculous and made for some pretty angry people in the audience. Some of these people were our parents.

Q: What is coming up in the new year for the Emptys?

A: We are going into the studio [we use that term loosely] and are hoping to release a new full-length album sometime before the fall. Other than that we will most likely hit the road again and try to build on everything we've done so far. We also have two of our songs on Madison that are going to air in January/February.

Discography:

5 song cassette *Coolers Are Not Bear Proof* [1995] Prairie Rails Records
15 song CD *MeatloafFanNoise* [1996] BangOn/Cargo Records

Contact:

Ken Beattie, 1826 East 37th Avenue, Vancouver, BC, V5P 1G1

The Goodtime Clubsters

Who are you? (names, ages, instruments played)

Keith Greene: guitar, age 21, vocals.

Wes Regan: bass, age 17, vocals.

Sean Sullivan: drums, age 20, vocals.

What's the History of Punk Rawk in Kelowna? The Gentlemen of Horror (Pre-Grapes of Wrath) released a single. Who else was there?

Keith: Well, none of us really know. Nobody in the band was actually born in Kelowna, but as for the Grapes of Wrath... The Gentlemen of Horror wasn't the first punk band the Grapes were in. Their first actual band was a punk band called Kid Pigs which had all the members (Kevin Kane, Tom and Chris Hooper). They broke up and that's when Kevin Kane went off to form an art-rock band called Empty Set and the Hoopers went off to form the legendary Gentlemen of Horror which released a 7" back in 1980. Unfortunately, they only pressed 200 copies and it's impossible to get one now. Tom Hooper also used to edit a punk zine called *Incident Exposure*, but it isn't around today. Mind you, the Grapes of Wrath did make it very clear that they were no longer from Kelowna when they moved, so for a very long time they were shunned by everyone in a band. In another ironic twist, a member of the now defunct band Middlesex [another Kelowna band that moved to Vancouver] has just joined Ginger and become their new guitar player.

You seem to be real gracious hosts for touring bands passing through K-town. How many all ages gigs have you organized and with who?

Keith: The first gig I organized was when I was in high school and all it was was three bands from the school itself. My band Lemming Sunday played a really awful set of Pearl Jam and Led Zeppelin covers, but we had a smoke machine so that saved everything. We broke up soon after, thankfully. The significant thing about this gig was that Sean was there and so was Wes, long before I even knew them. Wes: I was a young buck in grade eight when I went to The Nothing. I was very impressed by Keith's band's version of "Iron Man," the big Irish flag and the smoke. They're signed to Sonic Union. I think. They played a good version of "I Think We're Alone Now."

Keith: The Mojo Show had The Smugglers, Dootang, The Mr. T Experience, Alpha BMX and The Goodtime Clubsters.

Wes: The Mojo Show had nothing to do with Mojo, and everything to do with Sex, Lies and Videotape. I'm sure we were out of tune the entire set, but man did we rock hard. Before the show, when the bands and we were getting acquainted, we had to do a "burger run" which involved running to the nearest McDonald's and ordering roughly 30 cheeseburgers and a few chicken burgers.

Keith: Let me interject by saying that Wes, in his right-winged brain, neglected to think that some people are vegetarians.

Wes: I got chicken, you little bastard! I was thinking about ignorant, non-meat eating Philistines who want nothing but lettuce and carrots!

Keith: Oh, you humanitarian! That's why Beez [of The Smugglers] had nothing to eat but an apple fritter and a straw.

Wes: Straws are high in protein, and it was an apple-flavoured fritter, last you forget.

Are you positive the actor who plays Tarzan the Ape Man is from Kelowna?

Wes: It has been confirmed by my mother, who frequents the same church as Tarzan's mom. He was raised in Kelowna, and now he fights jungle injustice with a leather-bikini babe, and a very smart monkey.

Ask yourself TWO questions and answer them, okay?

Sean: Q: In what way are the Goodtime Clubsters like Robert De Niro in *Awakenings*?

A: Well, if the part of De Niro had been played by three girls in a speed metal band, we would be quite similar. Also, like De Niro in *Awakenings*, the Goodtime Clubsters write, record and perform, in a coma.

Wes: Q: Why am I so right-winged, yet maintain an open mind and a soft-heart?

A: When I was a baby, my mom dropped me on my head and I landed on an issue of S.C.U.M. and I was mentally disturbed until I was twelve and then I took it upon myself to clean the world of four things. Left-wing extremists, country music and America in general.

Keith: That's only three things.

Wes: Hmm?

Anything else to add?

Keith: Kelowna is starting to get a nice, little music scene happening; actually, it's had one for a couple of years now, but if you happen to be an A&R man or even an average indie-rocker and want to check out some really good bands, you might wanna stop in Kelowna and check out Wonderboy, 1-800-POPE, Edgar Wilson, Ultraviolet, Maeve Brennan, Ponch, 7-Minute Lull (from Summerland, but real close to Kelowna), Alpha BMX, or the Nova Scotians. Also if you're a touring band and happen to be coming to Kelowna, the Mezzaluna coffee shop is a great place to play (check it out, 1921 Dayton).

Wes: I am changing my name to The Unirocker, and moving to the mountainous regions just outside my old elementary school, where I will send packages of indie-rock releases to record companies and promoters all over the world.

Sean: I'm still naked and I'm still lonely.

Discography:

Chronic Sunshine Syndicate, a ten-song cassette demo (\$5ppd)

Stock, a twelve-song cassette demo (\$5ppd)

Loonie Swim, *Bring Your Trunks*, a compilation CD of five fine Kelowna bands (\$10ppd)

Baka Yaro, a ten-song cassette demo (\$5ppd)

Indigenous II, another compilation CD of five fine Kelowna bands, avec CD-ROM!!! (\$12ppd)

Extremely Fun Broken Plastic Records: 2625 Ross Rd., Kelowna, B.C.

VIZ 1M4, (250) 769-5853 (Keith), (250) 769-HAPI (Wes) (The Unirocker)

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MODEST MOUSE

by megan mallett

Modest Mouse has been around since 1991, when it was Isaac Brock by himself, sometimes with others. He put out three tapes back then, but prefers to keep those examples of his early work hidden. Modest Mouse's first "official" release was on K Records in 1994 and consisted of three songs by Isaac and some "rock songs," with Jeremy Green (also of Red Stars Theory), Dann Gallucci (The Murder City Devils) and John Wickhart (Hush Harbour/Mavis Piggott). After playing around with different people, the Modest Mouse line up solidified with Isaac (vocals/guitar), Jeremy (drums) and Eric Judy (bass). They will soon be recording at Moon Music for their next Up Records release. Also upcoming is an EP on K Records. Modest Mouse play the Starfish Room on Jan. 4 and an all ages show at the Magik Theatre on Jan. 5.

Do you remember the moment when Modest Mouse came together?

Just every time we played, really. Back then when we played it was perfect. I mean, I didn't even know how to play my instrument. I don't think any of us did. But it still just happened perfectly.

Was it learn as you go with your instruments, then?

Yeah. Jeremy's been playing forever. I remember when I first started going to see shows, he was in seventh grade or something and he was playing some of those shows.

What kind of bands?

Shitty bands. Like, adolescent emo bands.

Were you influenced by any of your favourite bands?

Sure. That's why you play music, you know what I mean? You like music, and if you like music then you're obviously going to have to have been listening to music, which means that you've been influenced by it, etc., etc. ... I'm guessing you probably want to know which ones.

No, I've read all the Pixies, Built to Spill, blah, blah, so we won't go into that.

Thank you. [laughs]

But what about local bands? Is that what sort of inspired you?

Yeah, actually. I liked seeing all the old butt-rock bands like Tad ... Treepeople. I loved that band. They really clicked for me ... I don't know how I ended up doing it. I just wanted to and I am.

I don't really know too much about '70s rock or anything, but is there a Led Zeppelin reference on the cover of your Sub Pop 7?"

Not at all. No, that's pure coincidence. As a matter of fact, I think the singer from Led Zeppelin should have never happened. I've heard that stuff and I can't stand it. No ... I really like that picture [from the Sub Pop single]. I love pretty pictures like that [laughs].

How did you get Calvin Johnson to sing on your album?

I don't know, he's a friend. He recorded the first Modest Mouse stuff. We were, I think, the first or second band to record at Dub Narcotic. I've known him since I was like fourteen or fifteen, just through going to punk shows, kicking around. He's a cool guy. [coughs] Sorry, I've got a bad cough.

Do you have some water?

I do! [Mr. Stoked] [pause while he drinks water] OK. There was that?

Better?

Yeah, fully. Thanks. I got in this brawl. This guy was beating up his girlfriend and I got in the way and got in a fight with him and got my jaw split.

That's awful, but good for you!

Yeah, it was pretty crazy. I haven't seen anyone get pounded that bad before.

Where was that?

It was in Ballard, Seattle. I was driving with my girlfriend, and we saw it and I was like, "Shit, turn around." 'Cause he was like hitting her head on the hood of the car and I jumped out, and I was yelling pretty hard and I scared him and he turned around. But he'd already beaten her up before I got there. He'd ripped her shirt off and ... Then he just started pounding me on the face and I kind of stepped out of the line of fire because he got about six good hits on me before I got out. Then my girlfriend really punched him on the side of his head

and kind of knocked him off his rocker and I jumped in and tried breaking his neck, but people talked me out of it. Then he took off and the girl got away. She was all right but she'll probably be back together with him now. Pretty silly shit.

Yeah ... About your music: it seems to have a lot to do with driving and roads. Is that accurate?

Nah. I guess there's some songs about roads and stuff. Let me just grab the album so I can see. People are always saying this ... I guess it does [have to do with roads and driving]. I mean, fuck, the title is *This is a Long Drive ...* it's got a road on the front and on the back. The fact of the matter is that there are so many roads that it's hard to avoid making a record about roads. Yeah, who am I fooling? I mean it's a bit about that. It's a lot about everything, though.

roads to go to. [laughs] We drive around to go to other roads. We're like little robots. The petroleum people. [laughs]

I've read that you're against strip malls and concrete.

Those things piss the shit out of me. Strip malls are a waste of space. No one needs to buy all that shit they sell. It's crazy how much stuff we've got, you know? Too much entertainment.

What do you mean?

I don't even think people know what the fuck they're distracting themselves from anymore. I definitely don't. Not enough time just sitting there thinking. You're always running water through your head. Make sure you got your TV on, your stereo on. You got yourself reading a book, you're doing something. No one wants to be alone in their head.

they make these really big parking lots because "it's an important place. We got this parking because, by God, people are going to need to get there. Look at this. This is amazing and you're going to love this stuff. You need this, you want this stuff. This is worth missing Seinfeld for. Come on down! I'd say a good 60% of this town [is parking and roads.]

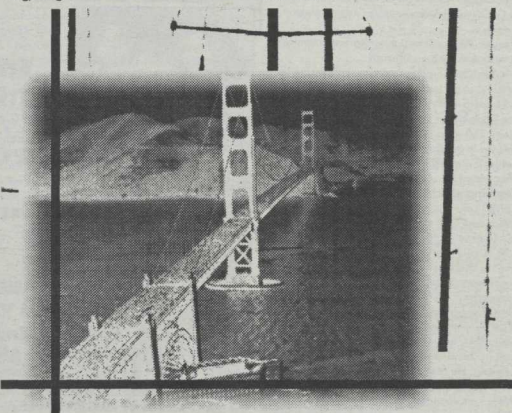
This is Issaquah? Have you heard of the label, Regal Select?

Yeah! It's a mystery to me too. I don't know a damn thing [about it]. But every time I see someone who might be a drunk old school rocker, I'm like, "Maybe this is the person who does Regal Select." Shit, I don't even know if they put anything out still. The last thing I bought from them was [a Derelicts thing] five or six years ago. I think about it all the time. I'm like, "There's a label in Issaquah?"

I read that you played a really good show with Beck and Money Mark in Philadelphia.

I thought we played those shows well, considering the circumstances ... [That it was in a huge theatre, with a big stage. Those guys are all set up for big stages and we just kind of stood in front of their stuff and kind of kicked their asses.]

"I don't even think people know what the fuck they're distracting themselves from anymore. I definitely don't. Not enough time just sitting there thinking. You're always running water through your head. Make sure you got your TV on, your stereo on. You got yourself reading a book, you're doing something. No one wants to be alone in their head."



Where do your lyrics come from?

From my head. [laughs]

No kidding, really?

No, if I know, then I wouldn't write them, know what I mean?

Do you have any favourite authors who might influence you?

Edward Abbey. He wrote this book called *Foot's Progress*, which is a pretty right on book. I used to really love Kurt Vonnegut but he's kind of grown off me. I think I've read too many of his books. People end up repeating themselves. I ended up repeating myself a lot on this album, because, really, I'm pretty obsessed with roads.

So you're not a fan of road trips?

No, they're great. But there's definitely too many [roads]. I love them, everyone else loves them. But I love going places more than I love roads. Roads are weak. They cover up the spots you want to go to. And now we've just got nothing but

Do you?

Fuck, I hate being alone in mine. But it's kind of good for you when you are, I guess.

Where do you buy your clothes?

[The ones I'm wearing now] I found [or someone] gave them to me. The last pair of shoes I bought, they were a pair of Addidas, and you know where I got them? The strip mall. Where else are you going to get them?

That's right.

You feel like you caught me, but I don't feel caught. Oh no. It's cool to have these ideals, but if the whole world isn't going to go along with you, then sometimes you have to conform, right? I'm not too happy with the way [strip malls are] set up. Really, I'm not done obsessing with it, [but] what are you going to do? What am I going to do? You can not buy from them, but I mean, shit ...

Sometimes you don't really have a choice.

Yeah. They're really into making things look vast. So

The review said that you blew Money Mark right off ...

Well, you'd have to be sluffing pretty hard not to blow him off the stage. That guy's a fraud. Yeah, backstage, he's like [in a nerdy voice], "Oh, hi there guys, look at this little gadget I got! Then onstage he's like [yells], 'Yo Motherfucker! Word up! Yo yo! And he was telling these jokes that were at best not funny if he was making them up on the spot. [laughs] It was interesting. Beck sounded great. He had shitty people working for him, though. I got into a fight with them. It felt good because they weren't treating us right. But I wasn't concise enough. Kind of like now. I ain't being concise for shit. I don't do well on the phone."

I was thinking of driving down there.

That would have been better. I do better in person. People are easier to deal with when they're there. I'm easier to deal with when I know someone's there. *

lunch with ten days late by kenny paul

10 Days Late are a band of five musically-enriched women who have been playing at all the smelly boozecans, half-time sport shows, and benefit shows all around Vancouver and abroad. With a new album coming out January the 10th, you just might see them playing those type of shows for a long time to come. No more smelly boozecans for them! After releasing two 7"s on Klark Records, they went in to record with GGGarth (Rage Against the Machine, Megadeth, L7) to produce a fine CD entitled *Sticky Flytrap*. Live, many people will tell you the band exalts so much confidence onstage and churns out every tune to precision that you can't help but pay attention. I spend lunch with them at a cafe in East Vancouver among vinyl bench seats and table juke boxes to find out exactly what they are up to in the wonderful world of "East-Van-Halen" rock.



photo: J. Bilan

Lana: We're the dress-up dolls of the group ... [Much giggling again.] So you are on the heels of a full length CD, produced by none other than GGGarth. How did you hook up with him?

Renee: This other character named Garth Fitcher, better known as "Utche", he recorded our album and we were doing it on minimum budget, for like \$100 a day. We all had a better idea of what it could be ... so we went straight to [GGGarth's] door, dropped the tape off and [he] listened to it, and he responded like right away, the next day.

Lana: He just said, "What's your budget and let's work with it."

Kim: He's totally sweet. He's so nice. Yay, GGGarth!

Had he ever heard of you before?

Renee: No, I don't think so.

Lana: He didn't even know we were all female, he didn't know anything. There were no pictures, just a blank tape with our stuff on it. Any tantalizing tales from some of the recording sessions he did with other bands? [Everyone is laughing before I can even finish the question.] Any gossip, any dirt, dammit!

Lana: Ugly Kid Joe? Uh ... Ugly Kid Joe was really bad ... Renee: He [an Ugly Kid Joe member] locked himself in a room with a bit of a problem, and wouldn't come out of the room ... and was really, really paranoid and blocked all the windows ...

Kim: GGGarth was saying that [Ugly Kid Joe] were getting stoned off whipping can gas. That's desperate man! You know ... whip cream? [Kim proceeds to include sound effects and the can't seem to stop giggling about it as we also laugh about other stories concerning the band Heart.]

The album is called *Sticky Flytrap*. Originally, you wanted to call the album *Head Smashed in Buffalo Jump* — what happened to that idea?

Lana: There's a copyright on the name. Renee: ... It became a whole bureaucratic mess.

Kim: Ooh, let's just leave it alone ... let's just leave it alone ... too much red tape to cut through.

I saw you play at the Plaza of Nations at a BMX contest!

Kim: Half-time show during football game! [much laughter]

And I've heard you really rock the boat at sea. Elaborate on some of the odd shows you've played.

Lana: I think the boat one was the best.

Renee: This girl phones up, out of the blue ... er ... this guy: "Uh ... you don't know me, you've never met me, but I really want you to play my wedding." And we're like, "Your wedding?"

"Yeah, it's tomorrow [Halloween], and it's on a yacht." And I was like, "Oh my God!" Lana: Oh, it was a lot of fun. Open bar [sigh].

Angela: Basically, we've done wedding, birthday, and we'll do your bar mitzvah.

Lana: We have yet to play in a mall. Malls anyone?

Everyone at once: Oh, malls!

Angela: [In a nerdy voice.] We could go shopping after.

Lana: Being the East-side queens, we've played like every shady boozecan that's ever been around. Which we tend not to do so much anymore.

Lana: What, benefits?

Renee: Boozecans! [laughter] ... Yeah, we used to be the benefit queens too.

Lana: [In an almighty voice.] Well, at least we know we have Ten Days Late, we haven't talked to them yet, but they're on the list, it's been printed on the posters, I'll phone them tomorrow! But some benefits are really worthwhile, like AIDS benefits and Rock For Choice, ya know?

You've toured across Canada many times; how are you received in some areas, any sort of followings happening in some cities?

Lana: Quebec's really cool.

Kim: We played in this little tiny hick town named Rimouski. We never played there before, but everybody was just so into it, they're buying all our stuff ... and we've never been there before ... it was great.

Renee: Saskatoon has always had a strong following, and Winnipeg's pretty rad too ... The Royal Albert.

How was playing at the North by Northwest Music Conference in Portland?

Lana: That was fun, we met a lot of really cool people.

Angela: You can't buy beer downtown if you don't live there.

Kim: You need a rent receipt.

Do you enjoy touring, are you anxious to get back on the road again?

Kim: Oh yeah for sure, I love going on tour.

Renee: And we love the road ... there's so many adventures to be had.

Angela: Never give your address out while you're on the road.

Lana: Yeah, not even if it's for a postcard, because the postcard might be alive.

Renee: Yeah, I think we've decided not to use our last names on the CD so that we don't get stalkers. I think it's funny, 'cause when you're a kid, you know better what you're gonna do with your life, then your mind actually knows. I swear I used to stick all my Barbies in the van, the Barbie mobile, and just go for hours! Just go and go and go ... The juicy question on everyone's mind is have you been approached by anyone with glitter in their eyes to try to make you stars?

Renee: Yeah, they're all fools.

Lana: Most of them are porno makers. [laughter]

Renee: I'm really tired of hearing everybody, right down to people that we don't even know saying, "You guys are gonna be really huge, I can't wait." Well, here I am still waiting, still waiting. After every show, everybody's like, "Fuck you guys are gonna be huge" ... it's like, still waiting, still waiting ...



photo: J. Bilan

Anyone you would like to thank?

Lana: That we would like to say fuck off to [laughter] I'll just say one thing. Someone who said that "We're not in it, except for the merch. sales." [much laughter and snickering, while Lana tries to be serious here.]

This goes back to a show Ten Days Late played with Rancid, where they came out on stage with towels on their heads as a big joke. As Lana puts it: "It's just a fact that the opening band does not sell very much merchandise. Someone was bragging about how much they sold, and I said, well that's cool, but usually the opening band doesn't sell very much, and that was the end of it. Someone took it way out of context and said that 'all we care about is the merch.' and then they put it in print. That's the only person I have a problem with."

Angela: I will make sure that this particular person gets the Ten Days Late underwear. I want to make sure she's the first person to get it.

Lana: Oh, final things to say? Git your cock and balls out of yer goat-ass and listen to Ten Days Late.

Well, with fries finished and coffees drank, we banter on about selling more merchandise and how it's all fun and games. We went our separate ways and I try to walk home with my sore gut as a result of drinking cheap coffee, or maybe it was from all the giggling.

Ten Days Late are the queens of comedy, er, I mean rock, and check out their new CD, *Sticky Flytrap*, on 2112 Records available in January, 1997. Visit The Mighty Niagara on January the 10th for the CD release party of *Sticky Flytrap*.

Discography: Getaway 7" b/w Death Reggae Klark Records 1994.

Out of Tune 7" b/w Helicopter Head Klark Records 1995.

For more information, or to order merchandise, send a S.A.S.E. to: Ten Days Late, Box 162 - 916 W. Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. V5Z 1K7.



photo: Andrew Dennison

RAILROAD JERK

PHOTOS BY LORI K



Railroad Jerk?

Now, I don't normally do this, but I have to admit that I drank before going to interview Railroad Jerk. You know, just enough to loosen up a bit. Lori and I had to wait an hour for them to finish their marathon sound-check, but it was worth the wait because they took us out for dinner before the show. We all drank beer for dinner, and had some Japanese food too. Marcellus was filming the interview (which was kind of unnerving) so I had to repeat a lot of the questions according to his directions (like, "ask that again, but look really nervous this time"). As it turned out, it was more of a conversation than an interview.

I don't know if this is just a rumour or not, but last time you guys were in Vancouver, is it true that the drummer had no cymbals?

Dave: What?

I was wondering if they were stolen or if that was planned or...

Tony: Oh! You left your cymbals ... uh ... somewhere.

Dave: Oh yeah. That's true, I left them in —

Tony: Seattle.

Dave: Seattle, that's right.

I was wondering because I know somebody who was totally amazed that you played with no cymbals.

Dave: That's funny 'cause you know —

Waiter: Is everyone ready to order?

Marcellus: What does everybody want? I know I'm ready.

Dave: Yeah, it was weird because I've never played without them before.

Marcellus: So what magazine is this for?

DISCORDER.

Marcellus: That's cool. Now I want you to say that again, and don't look at the camera.

When the red light goes on just say "Uh, DISCORDER, like you just did." I'll say three, two, one and then bang.

Uh, this is for DISCORDER.

Marcellus: Good. OK now you can do the interview stuff.

Um, I was wondering about your incorporating roots music into your sound —

Tony: Like vegetable roots or ...?

Yeah, that kind of stuff. I was wondering if you only work with the concepts of roots music or if you take the concepts and mess with them like Royal Trux used to do.

Tony: We're into Hank Williams and stuff ...

Marcellus: Devo.

Dave: But we're into a lot more.

What contemporary music are you listening to?

Tony: We've got the new Pavement. We like P.J. Harvey, she's really great.

Dave: Blues Explosion, Boss Hog, all of those guys.

You mentioned some Matador stuff. I was wondering if there is a Matador Christmas party.

Tony: Oh yeah.

Are you going to go?

Tony: We went last year.

Dave: They have free drinks, we're there. Is there any gossip after all the free drinks?

Tony: There's lots of gossip always.

But nobody wants to talk about that ...?

So what else influences your approach to an album? I don't just mean like 'I listened to this group when I was twelve, I'm talking about in the construction of making a new song.

Tony: I think it's all hybrid anyways. Um, lots of things. We don't consciously think like 'oh, we want this to sound like this' or whatever.

Dave: Sometimes we'll hear a recording of something and the drum was doing a certain thing and I want to incorporate that and we'll jam and maybe something will come from that.

An inspiration might be a guitar part or a drum part or just hearing a song and liking the way they're proposing an idea and thinking 'we should try something like that.'

Tony: We incorporate more stuff in the studio as far as being influenced by another record. It comes out in the production.

In the studio you can go from complete spontaneity to Brian Eno-styled track graphs.

Tony: Spontaneity is good but we always have the songs together.

Dave: Most of the time.

Tony: Like, on the *Bang the Drum EP* there's a song called "Homie Patang" [sic] CHECK! which we recorded at Alec's dad's house in upstate New York. We put two mics outside and put percussion all over this big yard and all four of us just started beating. Then we took it inside and made a song out of it.

I was talking to a busker who was playing the blues just outside of this restaurant, and he figured that most of the blues players actually started on the street.

Have any of you guys ever played on the street?

Dave: Initially, Railroad Jerk was discovered by Chris Lombardi in the subway in New York.

Do you ever get the urge to do it again?

Tony: Yeah, I'd like to do it again for fun. We just don't have enough time.

Marcellus: OK, I'm going to ask you if you heard our new record and I want you to answer without looking at the camera.

And I want you to look nervous.

OK.

Marcellus: Have you heard our new record?

Um, yeah.

Dave: You should have said it sucks!

What is this video for anyway? Is it going to be shown at the next Matador Christmas Party?

Marcellus: Yeah.

So I guess I should say hi to all my favourite stars.

Tony: Liz Phair doesn't live in New York, though. She lives in Chicago.

Marcellus: She's going to have a baby. But not by me though.

Do you guys have a video coming out for any singles on the new album?

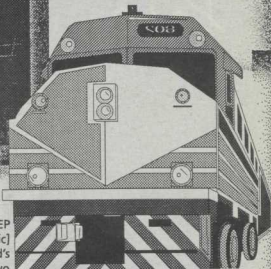
Marcellus: Yeah, for "Clean Shirt."

Tony: Our video for "Roller Coaster" was on *Beavis and Butthead*, and it still plays in repeats.

Did they think it sucked?

Tony: They said nothing bad about it.

Marcellus: I think we got a lot of attention from it. We recently did a commercial for Budweiser.



Do they show it on commercial breaks during football games?

Marcellus: No, they didn't accept it. It was too strange.

Too strange?

Marcellus: Well, they said we could do whatever we want. And we said, 'Why are you talking to us?' and they said they wanted to tap into the new sound. We said, 'Oh man, sellout, this is crap.' We did it anyway with a skeptical eye.

Tony was going to do the singing and they said 'OK, have you guys got lyrics, because we'd like it if you sang a little bit about Budweiser.'

So Tony asked if they had any magazines lying around and grabbed one of their golf magazines and read from that for the lyrics, which kind of freaked them out.

We did this ad lib jam and it turned out really cool, we're proud of it.

Did any of you have interesting jobs before Railroad Jerk?

Marcellus: I was a bee-keeper on my parents' farm.

Did you get stung a lot?

Marcellus: A few times in my youth, but really you've got to treat bees like human beings.

Tony: Did you know that every time they wiggle that it's directions to the next flower?

Have you ever followed the directions of a bee?

Tony: I can't read bee.

Marcellus, is that your art in the lining of the new album?

Marcellus: Yeah, I did the inside drawings. Did you like them?

Yeah. Do you draw for anything else?

Marcellus: I draw for magazines, newspapers and I draw on sidewalks.

Dave: *The New Yorker*!

Tony: *Sports Illustrated*!

Waiter: Can I get you anything else?

Tony: No, I think that's it.*

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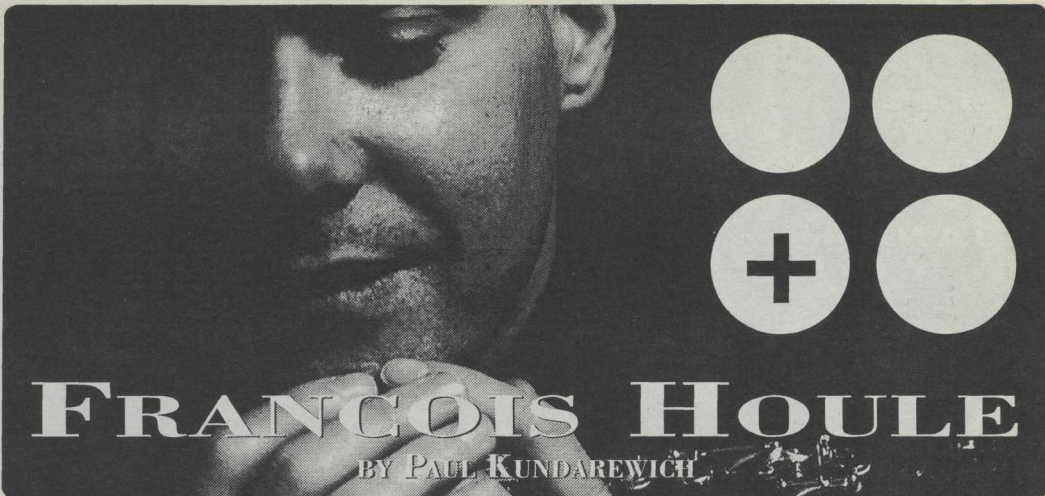


PHOTO BY KELSEY FINLAYSON

DISORDER: In your music you have been trying to create a new vocabulary of improvisation with classical music instead of jazz. I think it's kind of interesting that techno music is starting to incorporate jazz in the form of acid jazz and classical music in the form of orch-pop, which in some ways is opposite to what you're doing.

Francois Houle: When you are writing music, when you are playing music, the question is about finding the things that are inspiring to you that are interesting and incorporating it into what you do. There's two sides to it. One side is that you can really dig deep into one specific area and discover a whole lot of new things and open up a whole universe within one style and, on the other hand, you can constantly adapt your playing to a whole lot of different stylistic areas without never really locking in on one. And developing it to its fullest. Both tendencies are fine. I'm interested in the first one, personally. And in the last little while I've been focusing mostly on developing really, really specific improvisations that are unique that explore the uniqueness of my instrument — the clarinet. [Laughs] The other approach, you see a lot of people kind of merging styles together, taking Indian ragas and putting a hip-hop beat behind it and mixing it up. Jazz people are doing it extremely well. I'm thinking of people like Bill Laswell, Henry Kaiser with world music, and a whole lot of [other] great musicians exploring those areas. Like John Oswald, for example, is doing plunder phonics; [he's] doing a lot of sampling and throwing in a whole bunch of different musical sources together into a melting pot.

Your sound has sometimes been described as European.

[Laughs] There is a bit of truth in it, because I have studied classical music. So the way my ear has been developed [and] shaped through my studies obviously refers to European classical music and contemporary music. But I've also listened to jazz all my life and to me that is really important — to work [and] develop a language that incorporates these things. When people say that I am more European-sounding than American-sounding — that's a bit irrelevant to me, because what I'm trying to do is just develop a personal language. When I'm writing my music or improvising, I'm not

trying to be European or African or Japanese, I'm just trying to find what it is inside that is the most interesting to say, musically, and explore that. **About "exploring things musically:"** you've said before, that, to be you, as an artist you have to ["explore" in order] to have spiritual growth and technical growth. Who are your influences?

I have a lot of influences. There is not one single influence in my training because there are so many things that I've been exposed to that I've been fortunate to discover since I've started learning music. There is obviously some major signposts in my development. Starting from when I was eight years old, I really loved Benny Goodman, mostly because he played the instrument I was learning in my music lessons. Later on, obviously, clarinetists — like Jimmy Guiffre, John Carter, and Steve Lacy — play a major part because I'm playing the clarinet. If I was a pianist, I would say Cecil Taylor, Thelonious Monk.

Now it seems everybody is influencing me. People I play with have a major influence on what I do. Colleagues, people who play all over the world. I hear music every day and it's not necessarily jazz. Something that catches my ear I am drawn to, regardless of what style or genre it is. I hope that I remember those experiences, so that when I am playing, I can tap into that memory and come out with something that's transformed into my own music experience.

What was the last non-jazz/non-classical piece of music that you heard?

That's easy. Sardinian/Lodanese music. It's Italian triple clarinet: three bamboo tubes of different length with a reed cut right into the bamboo and it's played for parades, funerals, weddings, and marches for all kinds of social events in Sardinia. It's an age-old tradition and it's something that is slowly becoming lost; there is not a lot of young musicians picking up that tradition. I discovered

that music because I've been dabbling with playing two clarinets at the same time or two parts of the clarinet at the same time, and when I've discovered this music I realized that these people had been doing this for well over a thousand years. That's always inspiring to realize that what I'm trying to do, which I thought was experimental, was actually like a completely legit way of approaching the instrument.

As much as a few years ago I was curious about klezmer and bulgar music. Any music, actually, that is folk-based, that has an age-old base, is fascinating to a musician who's constantly looking around for new things to generate ideas. I'm not interested in going to Sardinia to learn triple clarinet. Actually, that would be fun to do as a project, but the idea is that this form exists and that I've discovered it through my own experiments with the clarinet and hearing some friends telling me, 'Hey that sounds a lot like what these guys do,' and then hearing it and hearing that there is a parallel.

There is a performer in town, Suzanne Vega, who thought she was doing something new until she found out her grandmother was doing the same thing.

In any style of music, there are people who develop an idea and they work on it. And you think that you have something totally new and then somebody like your grandfather will come along and say, 'Ah man, you know in my days, kids did that all the time.' All of a sudden you realize. Or you know you hear a record that is 50 years old and it's exactly what you are exploring. It's always a bit frustrating, but it's neat to see that this stuff still happens. When I was a writer for my first band, Et Cetera, I was doing a lot of stuff that I thought was original writing. Some friends introduced me to the later Ellington big band music and late Mingus stuff and Oliver Nelson and I realize what I was trying to do was already there in their music. So

instead of saying, 'OK, well I won't do that anymore, because it's not original,' I just decided, 'Well, I'm going to study that music and look into it,' and see what kind of solutions they had to certain ways of writing music. And after I'd done that I went back to the drawing board and tried something new.

I think it was Tchaikovsky who said, 'I want to study all of classical music so that I don't repeat myself.'

Yeah. That's the idea. That's where Monk was saying, 'You got to dig and dig and dig till you dig, you dig?' Meaning you don't know what you're doing until you've really went around and checked what's been happening around what you're doing. Things that you think are original might have been discovered a long time before. The more you know, the better your chances are that you're going to do something different. Because you can't just write a couple of notes and say, 'Hey, I'm a composer and I'm the first one to think of writing these two notes that way.' Chances are, somebody else has done that already. I don't know, it depends on what your goals are.

Are your goals self expression or creating something new?

That's the same, I think. Everybody's different. Everybody wants a chance to express an opinion. And in a democracy it's your right. Definitely, in music, one of [its] powers is to find your own personality and [have] the chance to express that personality to an audience. That's self expression and everything else as well. To me that was of the most important things about playing music: having the confidence that what you're saying is going across and is understood by the listener or the musicians you're playing with. You want to develop [a] certain clarity in your language so that you can achieve that communication. *

It's Not What You Wear (Really, It's Not)

How cultural standards become so flexible and riddled with holes that subcultural style-warfare no longer serves as a valid critical departure point... has it ever? In this regard, have many techniques for youth culture rebellion become completely compromised? Has capitalism become so all-encompassing that style itself is under threat of co-optation? Is popular culture synonymous with commercial culture? Does a strategy of imminent critical involvement within the sphere of "everydayness" need to be redeveloped? A recently published article by Paul Chan attempts to contend such questions (published in the August/September issue of *Punk Planet* Magazine, a high quality fanzine based out of Chicago). Titled *The Kids Aren't Alright: punk identity and difference in the age of multinational capitalism*, the text examines the precarious relationship of pop-culture and big business. Chan's argument summarized is that "punks" have become removed from the creation of their own popular history, sighting the overcommodification of punks' popular pastimes and style-cultures as detrimental to the autonomous formation of identity. What Chan sees as particularly troublesome is the way that "punk values" have also become commodified and, importantly, the way that the idea of punk itself has been co-opted. While "punkness" narrowly represents a subcultural style and identity for some, popular culture is an important component of everyone's social world. If we develop this notion of punk, re-cognize it more generally as rebellion—or even further as difference or otherness, then Chan's arguments can be usefully expanded to inform an examination of marginal or subcultural interplay within the larger cultural/political/economic context. Also, by following, critiquing and expanding Chan's arguments, some issues, conflicts and contradictions that confront style-based, subcultural rebellion may also be examined.

Chan suggests that simple "excommunication" is an insufficient response to the problem as he recognizes it. Excommunication refers here to the exclusion of unwanted participants from a subculture, castigating them as "sellouts," etc. For Chan, such attempts to preserve the "scene" from the influence of capital are not complex enough to recognize the contemporary structure of consumer capitalism (late-capitalism for some). In an attempt to be more sensitive to the present context, Chan identifies subcultural relationships to the larger "mainstream" culture as being dialectical. Dialectics refers to a process of creative interaction where a variety of influences respond and re-respond to one another, constantly changing and reorganizing the nature and structure of their interaction. As a particular position is established within a context of interaction, it effects the structure of positions it exists in relation with, and thereby creates a new context of interaction. The formation of a new context in turn influences the development of further new positions, and so on. A dialectic is not unlike an information feedback system, where the flow of information in, out and around the system continually reorganizes the total interconnected constitution of the system itself. The information is being constantly updated with this movement, establishing an ongoing impression of present status that informs the formation of possible perspectives and positions of engagement (by social agents). As such, a dialectical relationship is propelled by its own development.

Dialectical movement is fundamentally grounded in history. It is indistinguishable from both the ongoing development of the total cultural/political/economic context, as well as the social agents that actively create — that are — history (namely, all of us). This point reflects Chan's main issue: that punk subculture exists interactively within a dynamic dialectical relationship with a broader context. What Chan suggests is that the increasing complexity of the cultural/political/economic world renders many punks' deeply held attitudes and rebellious behaviour choices as anachronistic. Chan argues that an insufficient level of serious, well-informed discussion has taken place about the nature of such changes. Chan's arguments fall short, however, with his neglect of the more overt and organized political aspects of punk subculture — with respect to attempting to establish structural difference through self-reflective consciousness raising and social activism (a level of critical involvement that is increasingly uncommon, sadly). Chan instead argues from an unaddressed moral position, focusing more on an inflated value of aesthetic difference, while romanticizing small-scale (culture-product) business. Chan's choice of position unintentionally confirms his own criticism in several ways. Chan's confusion here also offers an example of some difficulties surrounding "style-warfare" at this point in history.

In his critique Chan attempts a semiotic-based approach to examine the potential flexibility of meaning that is available through the manipulation of the symbolic capacity of consumer goods. A semiotic analysis examines the conceptual space between objects, representations and meanings. Semiotics draws attention to a "gap" that is ultimately between things and their meanings. According to this view there is no necessary connection between objects and what they might represent. Or, to use the appropriate language, within the sign (a construct of both the signified and signifier), the signified (the subject of representation) is not naturally connected to the signifier (the object/form used for representation). Chan argues that a set of signs that represents the idea of difference itself is being organized within the category of alternative with the specific intention of taking advantage of new public taste and market developments — it is a market category only. Chan doesn't go far enough with his analysis here. Chan fails to address how dramatic movements of style do not fundamentally alter the basic system of operation of the economy — money moves just the same, no matter what people are buying. What Chan fails to adequately examine is the nature of the commodity form and, subsequently, he does not sufficiently comment on exchange relations as they directly affect this aspect of subcultures. Exchange relations refers to the mis-recognition of human experience and relations as being relations between things (goods). In this sense, subcultural rebellion has become contained within the sign — the symbolic realm, it does not critically reflect on the structure of the economy. Instead it glorifies a romantic conception of a "knowing audience." This is a paradoxical type of self-consciousness, limited by the irony devised to protect it, and mostly, apathetic with respect to critical engagement. There is dubious value in being content with getting all the in-jokes only, without addressing the message-system, etc. In any substantial way. Certainly, imminent criticism requires a more active engagement for it to be substantial.

Chan does examine a type of movement of style within a cultural/political/economic system, highlighting the vigour with which large-scale capitalists take advantage of subculture aesthetics. But Chan is inconsistent, neglecting a basic understanding of semiotics, and instead implies a value judgment about the perceivable quality of popular-culture representations (this is good and right, and this is bad and wrong). Following a semiotic perspective, it is because there is no natural connection between any style with any ideological position that all manifestations of style can be taken over, redefined and co-opted, by capitalists or whomever. No matter how representations of style are appropriated and represented, they are informed subjectively — they can be used for a variety of symbolic purposes simultaneously. Chan seems to imply, however, that there is a natural connection between punk style and punk values. Indeed, the idea of punk values itself is inconclusively defined by Chan: what exactly constitutes punk values, how are they different from other sets of values, are there no overlaps? It would seem that a crucial shared characteristic between punks and the larger cultural/political/economic context is an interest in taking advantage of the value and creative potential of style (the sign). This is an important similarity that draws all style engaged culture together unavoidably within the structure of the information-based marketplace. Subsequently, as a result of an economic power and technical control bias in favour of large capitalists, commerce is a prevalent quality of contemporary style culture constitution. Obviously, large capitalists are not the only agents in the creation of culture, it is a dispersed and collective project. The issue of individual and subcultural involvement needs to be further examined. So ... Next month the issues presented here will be further taken up, Chan will be critiqued a little more and some directions for possible "alternative" developments will be offered. Hang on ...

Kitty Poulin

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Have you been influenced by the work of Cindy Sherman [post-modernist photographer, who did fake scenes from movie stills]?

I didn't know about her until much later. I saw her [photos]. Lisa showed me a book, but I didn't know. I was really embarrassed when I found out. I didn't know anyone... I thought... [laughs]

Well, they're not the same. But, I was reading an interview with her and she said that her photos were caught between this violence and sex. Do you see these same elements at all in your photos?

[I see it, but I mean I would never say that. I would never come out and say that, not because I wouldn't be ashamed to say it, just because I wouldn't think of it in those terms. And if I do it, it's not in socio-political terms. I don't know what I mean by that, but I'm not too clear about what's going on in them anyway. Just do them — suddenly [laughs] **When you see them, do you think of how the viewer is going to see them?**

Oh, yeah. I think about that at the very end of the day. But I don't think about that until it's all over, after the photos have been taken and after I've already chosen what it is going to be. I guess how I do look at it, thinking about it, it how I see it would think everybody is going to see it that way too. And how I see it is good enough. I look at myself as a conduit for the masses. [laughs] I don't really think in terms of other people. Just curiosity once I realize, hey, people perhaps don't perceive things the way that I do.

Have you gotten any weird reactions from your photos?

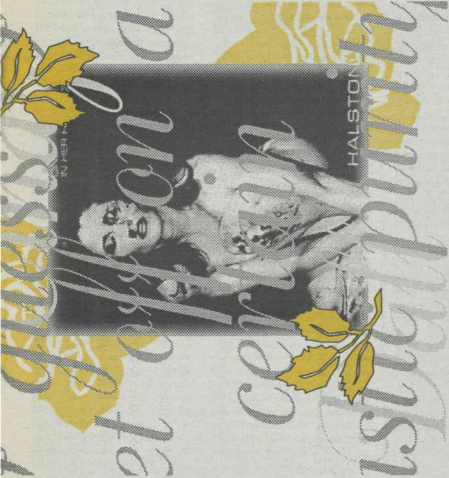
Guys think I'm really strange. The guys who see it think I'm really trippy or something. I just think that guys... I don't know. I'm not going to say... [laughs]

Are there certain characters or types of people you're into portraying?

Well it's something to the idea, a personality to a tee. Like the Sailor Girl is a sailor girl to the tee. You know something happened to her. Or the Cheerleader to the tee, with the Pearl Jam poster in the background. Like the perfect pedigree cheerleader — unassailable. It's not quite a stereotype. But, I guess I get off on a certain plastic purity.

That's what I liked about your photos; they're shocking, but at the same time, visually they're really nice. Some of the images aren't very nice, like the cheerleader one, but she's colours are really nice, but she's changing herself.

That's what I like to do. I like beautiful things, but I mean there is also a lot of ugliness.



What are some of your influences, musical or otherwise?

Starting from day one, when I was a kid I loved Mozart. 'Cause it was a blank slate and really beautiful. And then Bonnie and Marie after that, definitely they were totally inspiring to me. Pat Benatar, the Carpenters, and the Beatles of course. New Order for sure... um I was just thinking about this the other day. Aaron [her brother], who do I like to tell Oh, Mission of Burma. I loved.

How do you go about writing your songs?

Sometimes they come out whole like the phrases do and I just make minor things happen. Sometimes it's just the vocal melody that comes out and I put the music afterwards. Oh the words come out, but the words always come out all at once, usually. Except sometimes I piece things together.

was wondering when you go into the studio it's hard at all, when you have an idea in your head, translating it for other people?

Well, there was confusion there definitely. Why did you leave the album unfinished? Because I didn't have a filler [laughs]. I mean, really it was as simple as that. Also I didn't want to put my name on it. Tell it or something else.

But it wasn't you.

Right, a mode of me. Recently they've been putting stickers on it with my name, which is terrible for me. But then maybe I can make my name into this generic, processed

How come?

Because the guitar sound was so bad. I couldn't think to myself, who cares. It was just coming back to me and it sounded really tink, tink, tink. I was like, 'Oh my God! That was what I was thinking the entire set.

Do you ever play by yourself?

No, I've never played by myself. This was the closest I've ever come to playing by myself. Over the summer I toured with a band.

What is your favourite technological invention? I like Spell Check.

You know, I'm not really into technology. VCRs, movies, I don't like computers very much. I don't think they change how you think. I was oversteering on my old bass and she was saying to her partner in time that last night she was trying to write in a journal that she bought and she couldn't do it because she was used to writing on her computer. You know, shifting things around. And that was my suspicion, but then I thought, 'No, you're just paranoid.' And I said, 'This person saying she can't think unless she's at her computer. She can't mentally write out her thoughts. That is evil.

Have you had any weird or interesting day jobs?

[Reluctantly] Yes [laughs]. But I'm not sure I should tell anyone about it though.

OK. Do you get any weird fanmail?

Well, I think God no. Lisa may be getting mail with that stuff in it, but I don't think so.

the movie but I can find out for you. [the conversation drifts among the people in the room about that. That accident is bullshit, the method. On the record.

Well let's talk about that. You go to UC Berkeley, what do you do there?

You mean my classes? Philosophy of math, Russian foreign policy, history of Europe from 1914 until now, and Islam and Iran.

Let's talk about what we were discussing before [the interview] about academia.

The teachers don't really care, it seems, if you go beyond what they've taught you. What they really want you to know is the basics. They want theses, body, conclusion. They don't want any colloquialisms, they don't want anything vibrant. Everything has to be... there's this tendency to just respect anything that is written in a certain format, in a certain language. Even though it may be totally incredible, unimaginative and totally boring. I think it's wrong that just because something is packaged in a certain way it's respected — automatic respect. They don't realize how dry and boring it is. People [at school] are always like, 'Why aren't people interested in foreign policy?' It's because you're fucking present it in the driest, most boring and bland, jargonized way possible. Who wants to read that? Not anybody outside of this institution or the coffee shops on the periphery of it. No one reads that bullshit. Why write that way? Why be inhuman about something that is very human? Foreign policy, that is so human and elemental, the way people deal with each other.

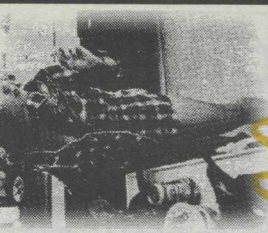
But you're working towards your degree. So in some respect you have to work within this academic setting. Are you going to try to work within it or are you going to try to counter it?

We were talking about my philosophy of math teacher [before the interview] and he's so cool. And he has the whole colloquialisms and he looks forward to it. I went in on Friday to turn in this paper because I wasn't going to be in class, and he said, 'Did you write your name on it?' And I said, 'Well, yes.' He was like, 'Well you don't have to.' 'Cause I'm sure [I'll know right away!]' [laughs] The people in my class are so by the books — logic students. I'm the only one who's not a philosophy major in that class. They have their certain methods and formats and I'm sure they've never put colloquialisms in their papers. He [the professor] said that he thinks that I'm relating to write



School is its own world.

Also thinking about it, I don't even know how to translate certain things into academic talk. I'm trying to think of an example. [Asks her brother if he remembers any examples] One of the words is 'codified,' which is totally useful. The codification of dress, fashion, like Haight Street, or indie dressing if you want to call it that. It's totally codified — stay away from it.



Viva the many modes of Cindy Dall! I liked her because she's smart, talented, a nonconformist and she laughs a lot. Her unfilled album is on Drag City and her amazing photographs are in several back issues of Lisa Carver's (my hero!) magazine Rollerderby.

by Siobhan Twin Stars

CiTR
101.9 FM

Shindig

Thanks to everyone for another great Shindig!

Shindig Winners!

1st The Saddlesores **2nd The Malchiks** **3rd Harvey Switched**

Meet the Other Fine Bands!

Screen Cleaner, Married, Chien F'Amour, Saturnhead, Sunnyside Down, Hissy Fit, Swollen Globe, Backroom Shag, The Floor, Blistering, Velour, The Team, Bitter Girl, Both Legs Broken, Pipebomb, The Shelleys, Logic Conspiracy, Tonebursts, Million Year Plenie, I Killed My Cat, Bates Motel, Corn on the Cob, Super Chief, & Pigs In Space.

Special Thanks!

Sarah Albertson
Keith Buckingham
Bruce Dunn
Olga Gorreaz
Tim Hecker
Paul Kundarewich
Janis MacKenzie
Tara Nelson
Ken Paul
Linda Scholten
Scotty Stewart
Brian Wieser
Noam Ascher
Dan Conway
Kiley Fithen
Christine Groefter
Miko Hoffman
Namiko Kunimoto
Grant McDonough
Sara O'Donnell
Kevin Pendergrast
John Seudeler
Evan Symons
Tristan Winch
Frederico Barahona
Rob Dayton
Brad Fredrickson
Selena Harrington
Simon Hussey
Anthony Kink
Katherine Kink
Ryan Ogg
Jane Roberts
Denise Shepherd
Chris Walters
Barb Yamazaki
Chuck Boyle
Chris Duncombe
Jude G.
Garnet Harry
Tara Ivanochko
Kevin Lee
Nardwuar
Keith Parry
Seratch
Sarah Stacey
Fern Webb
& Yout
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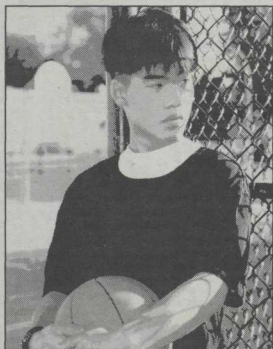
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SHINDIG SEMIFINALS

HARVEY SWITCHED

SATURHEAD

HISSY FIT

Tuesday, November 5

Railway Club

Harvey Switched's lead singer had a red toy synthesizer strapped on, which he only banged on once. ("Banged on," not playing it, but smashing keys randomly). Otherwise, he amused himself by playing air-guitar. The intensity of this guy's energy led me to decide that he should vent his enthusiasm by actually learning guitar. Harvey Switched's charm came from their interaction with the crowd. At first, antics such as using mic stands for penises stunned and confused the crowd but then Harvey Switched proved itself comely, we began hooting fun.

One of the highlights from the set included a cover of a Platinum Blonde song. Musically, this band was average, pumping out fun and fast songs; their true purpose in life though, is to perform live, and not concentrate on developing a long body of recordings. Paradoxically, if they actually win, Harvey Switched is closer to winning recording time!

Saturhead's poppy suburban songs warmed me up the last time they played, but the seemingly original band just re-created its last show, with less spark and joy! I felt like I was watching an old boyfriend call another girl with some cute nicknames as he called me! This time the band seemed less enthusiastic, and the pop Rapped — its cuteness was giving me a cramp. Even though I didn't enjoy the performance, I hope Saturhead continues to play since they did exhibit musical talent and were refreshingly experimental in their approach to making tunes.

Finally, Hissy Fit. I don't mind punkiness, it's the pain I could do without. But staggering home that night I found that my ears were ringing even when I woke up the next morning. Is this possible? Hissy Fit thinks so. Apparently Hissy Fit is Wretched Ethyl regrouped and both groups are understandably popular. I admit the female lead singer impressed me — she just looked so damn determined. But ultimately, the pain became so great that I couldn't tell if it was a new song or what, it just all became a big cloud of noise.

Sarah Stacy

PIGS IN SPACE

LOGIC OF CONSPIRACY

THE SADDLESORES

Tuesday, November 26

Railway Club

This was the last night of the Shindig semi-finals, the last

chance for one of these three bands to move on to the finals. I

heard a lot of good things about

Pigs In Space, and people

were telling me not to miss them!

The stage was decorated with a

Paul Bunyan-type figure, backed

by other little trinkets and slides/

home movies which were projected

on the back wall. Pigs in

Space is a duo of noise making,

incoherent restlessness for just

under half an hour. At most times

I found them amusing, and they

would be considered "disturbing"

in Abbotsford. What do you say

when one has the mic shoved up

their mouth, while making sounds

like Salami? You say, "What the

fuck, Billy!" Entertainment.

Second was Logic of Con-

spiracy: four people onstage in-

cluding a violinist. The violinist

added that touch of sound that

seems so popular now, thanks to

Ashley MacIsaac. They reminded

me of having a flavour of

The Violent Femmes, a com-

parison I'm sure they have heard

before. Their songs were writ-

ten on a guitar, well, they never

were really decipherable and

they fit the music fine. After a

while, their sound seemed the

same from song to song and my

attention span grew short. But hey,

they played really, really well.

Next, we came to

The Saddlesores, country-wang

with a flavour of humour, blood,

sweat and tears that got these

guys can deliver. They dress well

and they groove well. They pluck

the country-wang and make fun

of it, but at the same time they

create their own identity. Songs

like "Garbage Truck 'O Love"

and "Garth Brooks" had the

attendees hootin' 'n' hollerin' like

real country fans (and truck driv-

ers) do. Not only were they en-

tertaining, but hell, they never

disappointed in the humour depart-

ment, and for some reason, I un-

derstand them perfectly. So did

the judges, who decided to let

them advance to the finals. Their

only fault is that they played for

too long! Saddlesores! Remem-

ber! Don't overdo it! Leave us

wanting more!

Ken Paul

SHINDIG FINALS

THE SADDLESORES

HARVEY SWITCHED

THE MALCHIKS

Saturday, December 7

Starfish Room

Three bands are lined up for to-

night: The Saddlesores, Harvey

Switched and The Malchiks. Bring

in raving Vancouver artist Scratch as the

master of ceremonies. Throw in

a bunch of suburbanites, a few

Vancouverites, place them in the

Starfish Room, and yes, you have

the 1996 Shindig finals. When

The Saddlesores took the stage

first, the place was about half full.

Absent was the familiar

Saddlesores posse of fans. None-

theless, The Saddles played their

country glam twang as good as

always, but because of the empty

space between them and the

crowd, their stage presence and

humour came across as distant.

Looking beyond this, these guys

played so well as a unit, they

were comfortable and their

schtick (as always) was fine

tuned. Way to go!

Next up was Harvey

Switched who came on stage to

a now full room. They are five

guys from the Coquitlam area,

who obviously pulled in a strong

following of fans along with them.

Their sound is really hard to

pin down. The singer has all

the facial you can imagine,

along with plenty of tongue

action, and at times he plays a

tiny keyboard strung over his

shoulder. The throng of macho

males at the front of the stage

ate up Harvey Switched's new

wave of music. They gave the

band a lot of motivation and

support. Aside from a cover of

Platinum Blonde's "It Doesn't

Really Matter," Harvey Switched

didn't do much for me. As I re-

call from my junior high school

days, they would be deemed as

a "really tight band." Maybe

if I was still in junior high, I would

have found some of their set en-

joyable. Oh well, I'm old.

Finally, on to The Malchiks.

A very young ska band with

about nine people, they were the

only ones who seemed to fill the

stage, the dance floor (complete

with crowd surfing) and the room

itself. They took command, fronted

by the scary looking Mail

on vocals. At one time, Mail man-

aged to get everyone on the

dance floor to sit down, they

obeyed his every word. They

have only played live maybe half

a dozen times leading up to this

night, and they still sounded a lit-

tle fuzzy on the edges. They

pulled off their last song of the

evening quite well, which was as

close to a jam session as any of

the three bands got to this evening.

The votes were tallied. Before

Scratch could announce the

standings, the crowd was chant-

ing "Malchiks!" (a first for a

Shindig). Congrats to the occa-

sional hangers of "Harvey

Switched!" With a bunch of sub-

urban youth downtown, you had

the recipe for a pretty nice riot.

Oh, but don't let me scare you.

The Saddlesores won, followed

by The Malchiks and Harvey

Switched. Unfortunately, there

was a lack of female presence in

the finals (nil). Let's hope next

year isn't the same.

Langhoul

printed matters

by lloyd



CRASH

J.G. Ballard
(HarperCollins/Canada)

J.G. Ballard's *crash* is a lovely detailed portrait. A reversed angle image of a '57 Chevy painted with synthetic motor oils tinted with bodily fluids, on a canvas of stretched black velvet. Welcome to a work of fiction so bizarre the only thing twisted enough to compare it to is commuting into downtown from Chilliwack. In *crash*, Ballard reveals the true god of millennial western culture: the car. Women's bodies are eroticized by descriptions coupling them with the stylized designs of dashboards, steering wheels, bucket seats and headlines.

Sex and climax are sought not as erotic adventures but as substitutes which are safe rehearsals to perfect the performance for the ultimate intercourse: the mingling of man and automobile in a high speed crash. The characters in the

novel are not so much fetishists as fanatics. The feeling of the prose not so much Gothic, as mystic. These strange juxtapositions bring about a disturbing objectivity in the reader. A tense voyeuristic feeling which is heightened by the realization that, when Ballard describes the individuals who gather to view the aftermath of a crash, he is also describing the people who are reading his book.

NIP THE BUDS, SHOOT THE KIDS

Kenzaburo Oe
(Grove Press)

Nip The Buds, Shoot The Kids is mythic in the sense that when fable and fundamental understanding merge, they create a description of reality so true that a factual chronicle of events takes on the realism of a soap opera. Oe is quoted in the introduction as saying, "The people I wrote for are people of my own generation, people who have

had the same experiences as myself," but it is difficult to imagine a story more fundamental to the experiences of the generations that have followed his than this one.



The complex weave of such contemporary obsessions as abandonment, escapism and

marginalization make the tale seem as though it was crafted specifically with the current social fabric in mind. This fact combined with the spectacular translation make it difficult to believe that this novel was written over thirty years ago in a culture as different from ours as Japan's. Oe's work defies comparisons for it is a standard that their works should be compared to. Do the serious reader in your life a favour and turn them on to Kenzaburo Oe.

THE MOTORCYCLE DIARIES

Ernesto 'Che' Guevara
(Verso Press)

The Motorcycle Diaries is a postcard from beyond the edge of the world. This is a book that is fascinating on a myriad of different levels. The straightforward, unself-conscious style will appeal to the beat connoisseur (or anybody that likes to read other people's mail), but this aspect pales when compared to the magnetic pull of the book's subject matter. The sights and sounds of the places described are so beautifully evoked that you have to disengage yourself to remember that the just-begun modernization of Cuzco that Che laments was probably finished over three decades ago. Even so, the book could easily be enjoyed as an astute and detailed travelogue. Similarly, it can be so-

voiced as an exotic road novel where the characters hitchhike to and have adventures in places like Necococha and Chuquibambilla instead of the usual San Francisco or New York.



Occasionally, while reading this book, these aspects sweep you away and you forget, briefly, just who it is you're reading about. The book's true magnetism lies in the realization that this is not just any young dreamer on a motorcycle playing at rebellion, this is Che Guevara. Actually, it is because all the adventures described are so familiar to anybody that has ever been on a road trip that this book has such eerie

power. That a life so frighteningly familiar could have ended as his did is an unsettling, but oddly empowering, thought.

THE BLACK ALBUM

Hanif Kureishi
(Simon & Schuster)

The Black Album is like doing acid while riding in a tire down a steep hill. The clash of characters and situations is hallucinatory, the view is disorienting, and the pace just keeps getting faster and faster until it suddenly stops dead — leaving you bemused and bewildered and lying on the ground in a heap. Like Shahid, the book's narrator, we long for a stable point of reference to orientate ourselves. However, in beautifully expressive prose Kureishi reminds us that relativity is the sign of the times and anything masquerading as an absolute is escapism in disguise. The opposing temptations of hedonistic oblivion and religious dogmatism both seem to provide the answers Shahid is seeking. He is torn between the two until he realizes that both simply suppress the questions rather than provide the answers. A good read for anybody who is still shaken from a near miss with a fallen icon or a tumbling ideology.*

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by barbara andersen

Since that lamentable day, I have been suffering in the purgatory reserved for those attached to "obsolete" modes of entertainment. Finding a new turntable is difficult enough — it's either a dusty thrift-store find with no guarantee of working or a \$700 pro-DJ setup — but the really hard part is tracking down needles. Some of the better audio stores had a few cartridges stockpiled, but most that I visited in my search were at a loss.

Not long after I celebrated my first birthday, the **BRAINEATERS** recorded their 1, *Braineater 7"*. Thanks to Super Electro, this piece of Vancouver musical history has been re-released in exactly the same form as it was back in '79, manila envelope packaging and all. 1, *Braineater* is a good reminder of punk's beginning with short songs, deranged ideas, and less-than-perfect playing. The tin-can vocal delay on most of the five songs lends a spacey, mildly evil ambience to the record. The sound owes as much to plain old **Ramones**-y dumb punk ("Fun Time") as it does to prophetic noise violence ("Lost Date") and the title track. This re-

Catherine, Joe, and Jay make, as **VIRGINIA CREEPER**, sweet lo-fi rock with some very high points. I never thought I'd say this — it sounds so incredibly silly —

I had never heard techno beats in a rock song until I heard "Sister" by **ENDURO**. Enduro's half of a split 7" with **SHIVA SPEEDWAY** is a definitely interesting, aggressive song with grating guitar, moog, and vocals so

Moogs are a bigger presence than ever in indie music. This fact defies all logic, because moogs are bloody expensive — too expensive, one would think, for an independent band on a tight budget to legally obtain. My only

Treasure your turntables, brothers and sisters, because, to quote **Joni Mitchell**, "You don't know what you've got 'til it's gone."



by andrea & christina あゆ田長棋聖 83A 200m

EMS
(48pp, tiny size)
Andy is back with these short
introspective and comical

This zine is one of the most offensive works I have read. Chris makes valid points regarding gender roles, particu-

Chris also rambles about privilege, which completely minimizes marginalized people. He states that he got good grades because he worked for them, completely ignoring the ways in which the education system is catered to white, middle class males. His ignorance tokenizes the act of being and thinking political by making valid (but not original) points about oppressive crap and sex ads. 5751 Ludlow Rd., Richmond, BC, V7Z 2Z5

This zine is threatening to anyone who would deny that they hold any values/behaviours that are racist/anti-immigrant. It forces the readers to see their own negative con-

"Do you look at me and my family as dirty lazy smelly wetbacks? Do you see us all together across the room and think we're not from America and have no business being here?" This is just the beginning to a wave of kids getting loud and not taking racist crap silently. Bianca is one of my new heroines, as she is loud and proud of her Mexican heritage and will not let racist fucks get away with trying to shame and silence her into the American melting pot. She lists gross and ridiculous

CHRISTINA'S TOP 5

1. DV8
2. The Make-Up's *Destination Love*
3. the dj in the ambient room at the big chill playing '80s tracks
4. Amber Dawn's spoken word
5. Sleater-Kinney at the gothaus



THE LEMONHEADS MONEY MARK Wednesday, November 6 Starfish Room

This was the first Vancouver solo performance for **Money Mark**, who's best known as a surrogate member of the **Beastie Boys**. His funky, retro finger-flicking keyboard playing was an essential ingredient in the Beastie's shift in style from partying pranksters to the homegrown, way-out sound of *Check Your Head* and *III Communication*.

Money Mark's solo release, *Mark's Keyboard Repair*, is weird and wacky but it does include several two-minute assortments of sounds that could be loosely labelled "songs." The same could not be said of his performance, which was more show and tell than live show. Each short burst of inebriated sound required five minutes of preparation. During this time, he would explain what the devices were and how much they annoyed his

how well you play the instrument but simply how you play it.

For a finale, the audience was treated to Money Mark's favourite invention: a ghetto-blasters attached to flashing traffic lights and a twirling, pocket-sized mirrorball. Ingenious. There was a kind of encore — Money Mark packing up all his gear from the stage.

The Lemonheads play short, syrupy pop songs — basically the opposite of Money Mark. **Evan Dando** has been through a bit lately and now it seems he just wants to put his head down and play. But the band has definitely changed the feel of their live shows. With the amps cranked and a new lineup including drummer **Murphy** (ex-Dinosaur Jr.) and Aussie punk veteran **Bill Gibson**, the Lemonheads are now more rock than still.

A few songs off the new album, *Car Button Cloth*, benefited from the extra volume. The single, "If I Could Talk I'd Tell You," "Hospital" and the cover of

Time," which don't need to be revamped.

He did make some concessions to his former self by coming on stage alone for a three-song encore. But again, the guitar was electric and abrasive, leaving "Bit Part" less sweet and soulful than usual. The band rejoined Dando for "Into Your Arms" and a great, **Foo Fighter**-like hard rock jam. And then, eventually succumbing to a unanimous audience request, "Luka" got the explosive makeover it deserved.

The strength of the Lemonheads' songwriting is enough to ensure great shows. It was just a pity that they couldn't accommodate an acoustic moment as well as bringing in the noise. *Jonny Pearlman*

VANCOUVER NEW MUSIC'S 25th ANNIVERSARY PARTY Sunday, November 10 Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Paul Grant's "a short piece" opened the door to the varied aesthetics, modes and moods of each of the 25 compositions, and composer for every year of the Vancouver New Music Society's existence. The gentle hum of ringing triangles and crotales gradually emerged from the shadows beneath the balcony of the Van East, their barely audible tones and pitches scarcely yet ubiquitous as the performers walked monk-like around the audience — a fine introductory metaphor for an evening as restless as this was to be.

This was not music coming from a single source (a step, say) but from every conceivable direction, every muse, everybody. The performances alternated between three creators: **Gamelan Madu Sari** with their visually stunning array of traditional Javanese instruments, the **Vancouver New Music Ensemble**, and some prerecorded soundscapes with accompanying visuals. The mood, too, relentlessly shifted from one extreme to another. **Paul Dolden's** frenzied soundscape, "VINS East," explored the implications of the number 25 in a rather unique way: 25 instruments playing simultaneously at 25 different tempos. **DB Boyko's** "The Sinking Spell" came much closer to a lullaby than a cacophony; based loosely on Edward Corry's story of the same name, the piece seemed bent on an eternal descent down the pelag and slendro scales, the Javanese reeds and sistrs sounding almost **Brancato** in their eternal shimmer. **Bradshaw Pack's** "With-out the Fear of Wind or Vertigo"

closed out the evening. Pack pilfers one of the chapter titles from Italo Calvino's "If Upon a Winter's Night a Traveller" and seems to be saying that Vancouver New Music will go on fearlessly for another 25 years. On the whole, the evening left me breathless yet frustrated, while trying to put the fragments of what seemed like 2500 years of music together.

Sean Casey

ROBERT ANTON WILSON Tuesday, November 12 Orpheum

The CIA-constructed **Robert Anton Wilson** simulacrum performed admirably. It went through the motions, convincing even the most skeptical that it was indeed the Robert Anton Wilson. It created upon this opportunity to engage its deceptive programming and steer the crowd away from any talk concerning sensitive subjects.

As the evening progressed, it began to refer constantly back to two subjects: the Internet and **Timothy Leary**. This was the only indication that something curious was occurring, as Timothy Leary was also a CIA operative. Wilson went on about the Internet at length, attempting to convince the many individuals in attendance to embrace technology. Many seemed taken by his statements, forgetting momentarily that the Internet is a creation of the Illuminati. At this point the simulacrum called for an intermission, stating that he would be unable to elaborate to answer questions.

He never returned. As the people began to wander back into the theatre, I sensed that something was wrong. As the people seated themselves, the lights grew dim and a horrible, shrill sound emanated from the back of the hall. I noticed something at the back of the stage, and peered into the darkness, hoping to grasp a sight of whatever it was.

Suddenly a large hand came smashing through the wall at the rear of the stage. Green and clawed, it reached out to grab individuals and pull them into the darkness. I distinctly heard chanting at this point, and decided it would be wise to hide under my seat. I heard the screams of those around me and was locked up momentarily to witness dozens of creatures swarming through the rift in the wall. They were wearing costumes, running forward shooting people with smooth cylindrical rods that seemed to be emitting electricity. At this point I noticed a strange smell, and passed out.

When I regained consciousness, I was seated in my chair amongst all of the people. I was curious. Was I dreaming, or were these people simulacrum just like the Robert Anton Wilson android standing before us? Or was I simply so bored by the inane questions and figure-worship of the masses surrounding me that I needed to come up with something interesting to write about? You can

never be certain ...
Rex Mucosa

THE ORANJ SYMPHONETTE Thursday, November 14 Starfish Room

Retros is it these days in the music industry. Disco, arena rock, bebop, Abba. If it's been done before, it's just been done again the exact same way. People just can't seem to satisfy their craving for this regurgitated ear food. Who knows? Soon our entire culture may be back-flipping through the pages of history. Hey, tuberculosis is making a comeback. Why not the slave trade and an earth-centred universe? Obviously, I'm pretty disturbed by all this naive, septiconed nostalgia. And maybe I shouldn't take music too seriously in light of more serious social trends. But I figure it should tell us something about ourselves, so I do.

Thank God then for those rare artists creative enough to use the past as a starting point, not as an end in itself. The Oranjs, Wilner's tribute albums to **Nino Rota**, **Charles Mingus**, **Kurt Weill** and others are perhaps the most fully realized examples of this in the past ten or fifteen years. The material is always being challenged from different musical vantage points.

Fortunately, bassist and cellist **Matt Brubeck** — son of Dave — has given us with the **Oranjs Symphonette** another example of a musician taking a very personal look at well-known music. His basic concept is to take what they've played with the likes of **Bill Frisell**, **Tam Waits** and **PJ Harvey**, uses the familiar compositions of **Henry Mancini** as the starting line. But the group doesn't take any well-worn paths. On the Starfish Room stage, the Oranjs Symphonette would make its way through different shades of "Moon River," moving fluidly from the ethereal interplay between accordionist/keyboardist **Ralph Burger** and singer **Ralph Carney** to a finger-snapping rhumba and so on.

Folkies would smash into dissonant free-for-all wallings and then return to their original form. So grooves would surf into the domain of **Dick Dale** in a matter of seconds. And somehow the crowd kept bobbing like lifebuoys through every change — proof that music doesn't always need to be in four-quarter time to be danceable.

The set would cover a very swanky bluesy "Pink Panther," a **Naked City**, collage-styled "Shot in the Dark," and for the last encore, a silky smooth tune, "Chardade." All of these should be a new Gramovision album. I confess to knowing nothing about colour theory, but the theme of the evening seemed to be orange. The stage was lit predominantly orange. The tall, needle-like Brubeck's Peanut Butter Cup shirt was obviously orange. And I guess his music conjures up how the world of Henry Mancini might appear when viewed through orange-tinted glasses.

Michael Chevinard

GEORGE CLINTON THE P-FUNK ALL-STARS Friday, November 15 Rage

The key to a good funk show is anticipation. If you've ever seen **P-Funk** live, or even the funky godfather **James Brown**, you know all about waiting for the headline. By the time **George Clinton** hit the stage, there were about 20 guys crammed onto the stage, finishing up funkulechery. He had received quite an introduction, everyone was that much happier to see him.

The show may not have lived up to the vintage P-Funk performances of the late 1970s, when the whole mob was still intact, but it sure was fun. All of the **Parliament** headlines, like **Bootsy Collins** and **Maceo Parker**, have been touring on their own for years, but this show attracted a great crowd. As I entered the club, I felt like I had stepped into the '70s. I was expecting a lot more rap fans who had somehow figured the dance move, **Dr. Dre** and **Snoop Doggy Dogg** song had been around, but that's definitely not what we got.

The music flowed well together during the two and a half-hour concert. The show felt like one long song, with soul interludes and a lot of rap tossed into the funk. A couple of female vocalists showcased their talents while a few of the All Stars took a breather to get energized for the next musical attack. It also gave the crowd a chance to see the funk gods in person. I wanted the break. I was at a Maceo Parker concert last year during which, after three and a half hours of continuous music, people started dropping out. I think this crowd could have made the distance.

Funk is more than just a group — it's a culture. Costumes include diapers, black funky sunglasses, dresses (for the guys), and all kinds of other far-out stuff. Somewhere after "Up for the Downstroke" and "Bop Gun," **George Clinton** got a routine to help him rap by putting his hand on his head and bobbing it up and down in sync with the bassline, while singing "Booy." Later, when the band played a really fast-tempo version of the all-time funk classic "Flashlight," a dancer took up on Sir Nose D'Voidoffunk by wearing a large fake nose, showing off some more of the mythology that surrounds P-Funk.

After a half hour rendition of "Not Just Kne Deep," the show's musical highlight, the crowd was pumped and ready for more. Unfortunately, it never came.

Dan Velen

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION RL BURNSIDE Saturday, November 16 Vogue Theatre

I can't even begin to imagine what this tour has been like for the 70+ Mr. Burnside. One day he's sittin' on his back porch, struttin' and lamenting about the good ol' days, and the next,

Sal Ferreras of the Vancouver New Music Ensemble



photo by Barb Yamazaki

neighbours.

Aided by contraptions and occasional help from his drummer in crime, Money Mark actually played as many instruments as he did songs — keyboard, drums, sampler, guitar and trumpet. The trumpet was played by blowing up a balloon and fastening it to the blowhole. The aural result was as clumsy as you'd expect, but it didn't matter. Apparently, it's not

Smudge's "The Outdoor Tree" managed to stay both sweet and loud, as did some older songs like "Is a Shame About Ray" and "My Drug Buddy."

But after the garage mood had set in, it would have been refreshing to see Dando change to an acoustic guitar rather than another electric, especially for the band's crowning achievements, such as "Conform" and "It's About

three young blues-lovin', garage rockin' punks from New York pick him up and have him play in front of 500-800 people (most of whom were probably still in diapers during his formidable years), in venues larger than the population of his home town — yet, he and the crowd were lovin' every minute of it. As **R.L. Burnside** sported a wide, toothy grin after each song, giving us some excellent blues-boogie still made us top our feet and cheer with every slide of the string and crash of the cymbal, and also providing some between-song banter that displayed a southern charm all its own (even when we couldn't quite understand what the heck he was saying!).

As the boom-bap of **Public Enemy** over the house speakers caused my entire body to sway somewhat uncontrollably between sets, nothing could have prepared me for the sonic mayhem that the **JESX** — a trio of unorthodox, and from the first note of "Two Kindsa Love," it was only a matter of seconds before elbows began to flail and bodies began to collide, causing me to flee for the safety of the aisle where I could watch the action in comfort. From that point on, it was unbelievable how good the show was. The Blues Explosion did exactly that: explode on stage with more fervor and fury than the last time they were here at the Starfish Room. As the man himself said, they were there to "fuck shit up." Everywhere on the stage grabbed the mic, he shook it like he was exorcising a demon; Judah Bauer took flight on several occasions, even taking a turn on the mic for a pseudo-rap on "Fuck Shit Up," and Russell Stratus smashed the skies like it was his last say on earth. They played mostly material off *Now I Got Worry* like "Wail," "Chicken Dog," "Rocketship" and the self-baptized, "Identify." But what really got me going was when they broke it down in the middle of a song with the theremin — Judah was on a bullhorn and Russell's bass drum had a crazy beat so phat I had to rub my eyes to double-check that I wasn't at a hip-hop joint!

Of course they had to do an encore, and I was about to take a hodge-podge of stuff from *Orange*. But the highlight was definitely when they brought out R.L. Burnside's guitar partner and R.L. himself, who came out struttin' like a peacock to do a little pouty-mouthed number that had the crowd in stitches the entire time.

Bryce Dunn

MAD PROFESSOR
Saturday, November 16
Starfish Room
Bluesy club legends **Mad Professor** brought Babylon to Vancouver on a rainy Saturday night, the last date of their fourweek Canadian tour. The loveable dubsters were in high spirits (irresistible pun), treating us to their usual cover of **Peter Tosh's** classic "Legalize It" and a jungle mix.

The atmosphere was as

happy and harmonious as usual when these groovers play. While reggae and dub can be mistakenly perceived as just "black neds music," they follow unswerving **Bob Marley** and **Lee Scratch Perry** in an attempt to unify all races with the use of reverberating bass, gongga smacks and exultations to Jah. The game "Opportunity Knocks Vanshore" was typical of this refreshing attitude and the performance's unique combination of enlightenment and entertainment, demarcation and danceability. This game invited aspiring MCs to try their mic on stage and lurking record label scouts to pay attention. They probably do this everywhere they dub.

Mad Professor will not forget their roots while they continue to experiment with the likes of **Horace Andy** and **Massive Attack**. Their highly acclaimed and imaginatively titled remix of **3D** "The Protector" — entitled "No Protector" — brought dub's chilled appeal to a larger audience. If anyone can do that, expertly manipulating bossy beats while hosting a "Soul Shakedown Party" (Bobby M) with a vibe straight outta Kingman, it's the Professor.

James Bainbridge

THE HANSON BROTHERS ULTRA BIDE Saturday, November 16 Town Pump

Punk fuckin' rock. That's all I've heard to say. Well, perhaps punk fuckin' rock. Either way, **Los Hermanos Hanson** put on the most tear-soaked, hard-core, spit-on-the-band-because-they're-spit-on-you show I've ever seen in my life. I've arrived in time for *Alternative Tentacles' Ultra Bide*, a three-piece Japanese-American prog-noise band. My roommate says that they are the logical successors of prog rock — the next **Yes** or **Mountain** when their amps set to 11; I say they are the musical crossbreeding of **Nomeansno** and **Boredoms**. Ultimately, it didn't matter who was right or wrong, as we both liked them and they use a toy laser gun as percussion. They may not be the next wave of anything, but they fill a void quite well.

And that's when the fun began. **Charlestown Chiefs** jersey, I carved a niche for myself at the front of the stage, and lo, like a troupe of drunken hockey players out of the East, like your grandfather strapped to a boss guitar, the Hansons mounted the stage.

And that's when the fun began. The audience threw beer on the band. The band threw beer on the audience. The next to me ripped a fist-sized hole in the crotch of Robbie Hanson's jeans. Johnny Hanson stole a pair of glasses from the crowd. Johnny Hanson for stealing the guy's glasses and gave him a noogie. Five men who were cloned from **Eddie Vedder's** dead skin kept stage diving. My roommate broke his glasses, and I lost mine on the floor for an agonizing few seconds. The band regularly got pulled into the pit. The bouncers did

absolutely nothing.

And it was one of the best shows I've ever been to. Despite the amount of crowd interference, the band played faster and better than you could ever have expected them to. For a non-stop hour and two encores, the Hansons belted out their own learning-impaired brand of free-rock punk.

At the end of the night, all I could think about was when the band show was going down. I was surfing an adrenaline wave that would have killed Greg Brady and I wasn't coming down for anyone. As for my roommate with the broken glasses, he couldn't wipe the sheeplike grin off his face.

Mr. Chris

RAILROAD JERK SKELETON KEY Sunday, November 17 Starfish Room

Skeleton Key were ... uh ... er ... good at what they did, but I did not like them.

Moving along, **Railroad Jerk** returned to the Starfish Room for the third time. The first time there was nobody there. The second time they played with **Boss Hog** and there were too many people (and annoying ones at that).

I was hoping that the third time would prove lucky; unfortunately, the combination of the cold and a Sunday night kept most people at home. The question beckons, however, why a band that is equally as good as the **Blues Explosion** (who played the night before), share the same record label (Matador) and would presumably appeal to the same audience, does not draw a sizeable crowd even after two consecutive grossing releases? What **Railroad Jerk** lacks, (and what arguably makes them better) is the camp, cabaret element of the **Blues Explosion**. But **Railroad Jerk's** performance Sunday night proved that they too work really hard. Playing stiff mostly from their latest releases, *The Third Rail* and *One Track Mind*, the band put on a great performance (as usual) which pleased even fussy me. So if you missed the show, your loss. Just make up for it the next time — OK? "Lala" Siobhan Twin Stars

SOUNDS OF CABARET Thursday, November 22 HOLY BODY TATTOO Sunday, November 24 Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Two vastly different shows only highlight the diversity of productions at the venerable Vancouver East Cultural Centre.

I became interested in cabaret music via a very intriguing CBC/German TV co-production featuring artists like **Nick Cave**, **PJ Harvey** and **Teresa Stratas** re-interpreting **Kurt Weill** songs. I've also discovered that I have a fondness for **Cole Porter**, so I was happy to see the VECC presenting an afternoon of cabaret music, in-

cluding songs by, of course, **Weill** and **Porter**.

Some of the songs featured coloratura **Nancy Hermiston**, who is the voice and opera head of UBC and has performed extensively in Germany. She was joined by pianist **Terence Dawson**, trumpeter **Larry Knapp** and trombonist **Gordon Cherry**, all of whom did an excellent job. Hermiston sang with great gusto, especially during the quartet of **Weill** compositions, but sometimes she was fighting against the piano, so a mic may have helped. The musicians also covered compositions by **Boris Blacher**, **Herbert L. Clarke** and **Jose Berghmans**, composers who were all influenced by cabaret music. All of the songs

multi-media variety and echoed today's fragmentary nature — while the dancers performed, text by **William Gibson**, **Christopher Harelow** and video by **William Morrison** flashed on a screen above and behind them. Some of the text was really striking; the opening words were "we confine," but the phrase I remember most pertains to airports: "tombs of duty-free." Initially, the video echoed the dancers' moods, but as the work progressed, unity was broken down and as the dancers grew more militaristic and violent, the video images became softer and slower. The dancers used repetitive movements, especially gestures we all use, such as stretch-

ing in a bad mood. I don't know what it is about me, but I always seem to end up at the door decidedly unenthusiastic about the evening's proceedings. Whatever it is, I've got to keep going to gigs because by the end of the night I'm pumped full of happy, and I've got a busload of fun for whoever wants some. This evening was no exception.

When **Maow** started their set I made my way into the converted strip-joint and found a square lot of space to relax in. They are wonderful. Really. I have never seen an all-girl band so faithfully recreate the dulcet tones of '60s garage bands, gingerly blessing their with just a hint of feedback. They used to wear cat outfits, now they wear hockey jerseys. Not a step backward, in my opinion. Just go see them.

I had bounced my way through the show, but I was not looking forward to the **Groove Ghoules** taking the stage. In my cartoon-addled mind, I kept confusing them with **Mystery Machine**. They are NOT **Mystery Machine**! They are a not-revved and (true to their name) mystery band, with a spooky-sneer feel to them. The **Inhumanoids** liberally spread about the stage were a nice touch. They rocked, I danced; they threw out frightening toys, I carted; and all too soon, they had finished their set. **Mint** had been signing some uber-cool bands of late, and baby, this is one of them. They are a monster-filled rocket that's headed straight to the top and there's nothing holding them back. Watch out for these folks — they're on the move!

I had no illusions about what to expect when the **Smugglers** came on. I had been warned up by the first two bands and was now ready for the speed-crazed, obnoxious rock that I knew only **Grant Lawrence** could give. When they mounted the stage and started into their garage-birthed punk rock I was instantly seized by Sid, the Voodoo law of pogging and was ridden all over the dance floor. He did not let go of me until they had completed their set and I was left tired and shaking at the edge of the dance floor.

Mr. Chris

Skeleton Key



© Starfish Room

photo by Lori Kiessling

contained unusual interplay between the musicians, especially **Berghmans' "The Bearded Lady,"** a complex interaction between trumpet and trombone.

A couple of days later, I went to the first evening of a dance party by the **Holy Body Tattoo Dance Company**, comprised of dancers **Nano Gagnon** and **Dana Gingras** joined by **Chantal Desbelle**. **Gagnon** and **Gingras** were recently part of the **New Moves Festival** presented throughout the UK and Europe. The work itself was of the

ing and bending. The work started close to the floor, then the movements became more martial arts-inspired at the end. The music, by **Volvo** founder **Jean-Yves Thériault**, was mostly mechanistic in nature and really brought another dimension to "our brief eternity."

June Scudeler

SMUGGLERS GROOVE GHOULES MAOW Saturday, December 7 Mighty Niagara

Invariably, I seem to go to shows

sensory overload claire schagerl



WALKING DOWNTOWN ON A SUNNY SUMMER'S DAY, EATING A SWEET NOTHING TREAT WITH TULSA CAT IN YOUR WALKMAN AND THE QUIET POPPER ALONE IN YOUR GRASP AM RABBIT VINYL.





Under review

BIG RUDE JAKE Blue Parish (Independent)

How to make a **Big Rude Jake** cocktail: combine one part/vital, two parts loss, and three parts bile. Shake thoroughly and blow through a clarinet into an empty Chivas Regal bottle. Pour the mixture into a cheap polyester suit and let stew in its own juices for a good thirty years or so.

Theirs is the music of those mornings when you awake coughing, surrounded by filth and squalor, and you roll half out of bed to reach for one of the two bottles on the floor: one is filled with stale beer and the other with piss and they're both the same temperature, and your nervous system is so crippled by systematic and calculated abuse that the sense of smell can't even decide which is which.

It is the music of the proletariat Epicurean avoiding the rain at three in the morning in some nobly decrepit palace of arborite and naugahide, nursing his eighth cup of bottomless coffee, and trying to digest a \$2.50 meal of dubious animal proteins and carbohydrates. It is the music of the operatic diplomantic burping and howling Puccini arias while staggering down empty midnight streets.

And the songs aren't so much sung as spat or mumbled down only. And the horns and strings and keyboards can cooress your head and tell you things are going to be all right after all or they'll slap you across the face and can't you to get the fuck out. And the songs've got real rhythm and some pretty damn good lyrics. And it ain't **Tom Waits**, but it ain't bad.

Adam Monahan

C.J. BOLLARD The Analogue Theatre (Internal)

Wow. This latest LP from the former Englishman who now resides in Ghent, Belgium, is not only far superior to the skank stuff he put out in the early '90s, it features the vocals of Jude 4 U (**Lords of Acid**), thereby making **Bollard** the perfect listening of the Eurohardcore, nose-bleed, transcendence tradition that, today, only Hardfloor Records has the right to hold. Not all the tracks are at bullet-train speed, but the aggression and the amusement is there. The Analogue Theatre, unlike his postcore fodder, is a very successful blend of thrash trip-hop (making **The Chemical Bros.** look like the overhyped nerds they truly are) and ambient trance, with some humour thrown in.

What truly makes this album

remarkable, unlike other sophomore efforts by folks like **Speedy J** and **Astral Pilot**, is that in the competitive mid-'90s, C.J. Bollard has come out with a sound that is quite unique.

Christian

CAT POWER What Would The Community Think (Matador)

Cat Power was one of two bands opening for **Smog** at the Starfish Room a while back. Although technically a threesome, **Cat Power** is singer/guitarist/pianist Chan Marshall's vehicle. Touring with a version of **Smog** that had been whittled down to Bill Callahan, Chan had likewise stripped **Cat Power** down to just herself. Her pull and voice sounded great, but how many people can pull off that solo/guitar thing? And pull it off convincingly? I wasn't disappointed exactly, it just made me want to hear the songs with full backing, with all the strings.

Unsurprisingly, I guess, **What Would The Community Think**—recorded at Memphis' Easley Studios with the full band (which includes **Sonic Youth's** Steve Shelley) + friends—is phenomenal. Chan's songs (plus a couple of covers, including **Smog's** "Boithyphers") are fleshed out impeccably, yet far from baroque. The whole thing's got a kind of diastolic feel to it, as if the songs, and the sentiments, hadn't exactly been laid down for release; actually, it's more like a diary that the author actually did want people to come across, without expressly handing it over for inspection—which is probably the hidden reason behind all diaries anyway...

le marteau

VIC CHESNUT About to Choke (Capitol)

Poetic lyrics and soft piano fill this album, although there are a few tracks that may be more rock than one might expect, all at the service of **Chesnut**. Major label status doesn't affect the album's enjoyability; it's good in a sweet, sad sort of way.

About to Choke's mood is qualified by Chesnut: "Some of this album may be a bit less than the premise that through death, life is nourished." Someone told me he sounds like **Cat Stevens**, but I could hardly compare the acoustic, humble sounds of this fifth album to the likes of Cat.

Thalia

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN Ende Neu (Mute)

Ende Neu by **Einstürzende Neubauten's** Götterdämmerung? There is certainly an "Unbruchsstimmung" in this recording. Even the liner notes suggest that something is afoot with **Herrn Blau** and Co.: there are allusions to their 15 years are allusions to their Mark Chung has departed, and N. Unruh is going by his civilian moniker of Andrew Chudy. Even the music feels different—no radically so, but noticeably enough. There are fewer sharp edges. After their magnificent **Tabula Rasa** box set, I had high expectations for **Ende Neu**. The complexity, fullness and sense of place that characterized **Tabula Rasa** exists as but a pale shadow. The carefully choreographed and layered E.N. sound is reduced to barely perceptible vocals, the focus being more on the levels.

Of the songs themselves, only "Ende Neu," the title track, establishes a clear link to the E.N. sound, and it's also the best track on the release. I have mixed feelings about "Stella Maris," which features the vocal assistance of German actress Meret Becker, whose slightly childish delivery detracts from the song. This is still a better effort than most other recent releases, but **Ende Neu** could serve as a gentle introduction, for the uninitiated, to Neubauten's world.

pcs.

FAITH & DISEASE Livesongs: Third Body (hy)

Faith & Disease, a Seattle darkwave outfit, has produced some really beautiful music for this compilation of live recordings and unreleased studio tracks. Their combination of delayed guitar, keyboards, and operatic vocals could have come across as trite were the musicians not as skilled as they are. There is a quality of subdued grace to the songs (which include what sounds like a traditional English ballad and a **Cowboy Junkies** cover) that I have to appreciate despite myself. Listening to **Livesongs: Third Body** is akin to being immersed in a dark, warm sea—slightly scary, but still comforting.

Barbara

FUNKI PORCINI Carwrap EP (Ninja Tune)

Good stuff to be had here. The **Funki Porcini** track itself is a wonderful mixup, cut-up collage (and so is the additional Funki Porcini track "The Fly"—cool).

The supporting mix by **Squarepusher** (Tom Jenkinson) stands up well too, with his frenetic, sped up beats. Luke Vibert (sometimes **Wagon Christ**, sometimes **Plug**) lets down in comparison.

Funki Porcini is definitely one of the more creative artists working the computer/sample/DJ angle, pushing hip-hop all over the place: drum 'n' bass, abrupt jazzy breaks and weird, seemingly self-deconstructing beats. Genre boundary restrictions are increasingly recognized as burdensome (from within), but also symbolically/stylistically useful (with no inside/outside distinction).

Within this surging environment of provocative, potentially meaningful connections, Funki Porcini is only taking advantage of an obvious availability: drawing attention to an unconscious negative process we all conduct by necessity. All he does is tell us that death (and this is where he shines, oh yes).

baran.

DIAMANDA GALAS Schrei X (Mute)

Had **Diamanda Galas** been performing a few hundred years ago, she would surely have been tried and executed as a witch. I'm still not convinced she'll avoid this fate.

Last winter in New York, I was fortunate enough to see her perform at the modern dance festival, **Schrei X**, in a completely dark Knitting Factory on Ash Wednesday. Armed with five microphones and nothing else, Galas unleashed enough fury over 45 minutes to stun even those of us familiar with her work. While I got up from my front-center seat, my knees were absolute rubber. Luckily, the album loses none of the live show's energy (though I do suggest listening to this with the lights off).

The piece is based loosely on the trials of Job. God and Satan have had a card game, and Satan would like to inflict a variety of tortures on poor old Job, of which the Lord approves. The text, however, is not so much a narrative as a very surreal, fragmented poem.

Galas uses her voice as an instrument to conjure up images of animal slaughter, Biblical plagues, gang rapes and child-like bedtime terror. On pieces like "M Dis 1" and "O.P.M.," she transforms her voice into a murder of crows or a flock of seagulls who would tear at your throat. Hitchcock run for cover. This is what your worst nightmare sounds like.

The second portion, **Schrei 27**, contains earlier versions of the pieces. There is almost no text here; instead, Galas relies on a few more mic effects to create loop-like textures. It's not generally as dynamic; however, the extended version of "Hee Shock Die," which ends the album, is possibly the most frightening seven and a half minutes I've ever heard on a record.

If you have never heard **Galas**, a safer place to start might be the album she did with **John Paul Jones** or **The Plague Mass**. If you have heard this incredible performer, **Schrei X** is an intense and worthy addition to her catalogue. It is an unparalleled work of horror. And it is ultimately a shriek to wake us up to the horrors of our world which we sadly and routinely ignore.

Michael Chovinard

GO SAILOR Go Sailor (Lookout!)

I'm walking through the park, and I come across two girls and a boy having a picnic. They invite me along and we chat about love and being out of love and having fun. We hang out for the afternoon and ride our bikes around, pretending we are tourists in our own town. Late in the afternoon, as the sun is fading, we drink a Cherry Crush and say goodbye to each other. I go home, sit on the sofa, bask in the memories of the day and, sooner or later, fall blissfully asleep. At least, that's how this CD makes me feel. I imagine it would probably make you feel that way too. If you like being happy, search this CD out. Your sense of fun will thank you for it.

Mr. Chris

THE GRASSY KNOLL Positive (Network)

Bob Green's project, **The Grassy Knoll**, makes a big, dense musical effort to impress on **Positive**. Combining hip-hop rhythms, rock guitar, ambient synth, noise samples and the improvisational structures of jazz, there is a lot going on within **Positive's** 13 tracks. Too bad, then, that none of the elements of this '90s style fusion ever really mesh together. Taken on their own, the beats are hackneyed, the guitar is wonky, the synth is dull, and the noise adds nothing. When Green focuses on a single element, such as the ominously funky synth on "Driving Nowhere" or the unusually restrained guitar on "Corrosion of the Masses," the album is genuinely fascinating. By trying to cram everything into one track, though, as he does on "Black Helicopters" and most of the remainder of the album, Green simply creates an intellectually interesting but vaguely unpleasant mess. Knowing what to leave out is as important as what is left in. If you realize this by the next album, the response will be much more positive.

Joanna Francey

POLLY JEAN HARVEY & JOHN PARISH dance hall at louisville point (Island)

Recorded during the tour for the brilliant **Bring You My Love**, this album is blessed by PJ's voice and lyrics and her guitarist's musical meanderings. PJ's voice could probably make a grocery list intensely harrowing, but alas,

Parish just isn't as talented. His rather formless and unsubstantial compositions never make much of an impact, despite pleasingly raw production. The momentum on almost all the pieces comes from the old quiet/loud juxtaposition. Well, it worked for grunge, I suppose, but straining to hear only to be deflected moments later isn't that much fun. Fortunately, PJ saves the album almost effortlessly, his version of "Is That All There Is?" is definitive and gut-wrenchingly moving. The bluesy "Civil War Correspondent" and "Heels" are treats for fans of the last album. For the most part, though, the album only highlights how superior PJ's own compositions are. A necessity for PJ completists, but the casual fan would be advised to wait for her next solo album.

Joanna Francey

THE INBREDS It's Sydney or the Bush

The **Inbreds'** last album 1994's **Kombinator** was good. But their new record is great. Their songwriting has gotten much stronger and the Nova Scotia two-piece, consisting of Mike O'Neill and Dave Ulrich, have fine-tuned their unique sound, continuing to debunk the oxymoron "Canadian Talent."

They have a knack for writing quaint little pop songs such as "Wanna Be Your Friend," "Drag Us Down," and "Do You Really?" And the use of brass, trumpets, strings and harmonies makes their songs sparkle. They exude a certain type of innocence and naivety as exemplified in "North Window," with its childlike nursery rhyme melody.

It's the kind of album that makes you feel all happy "worm n' ings" inside...like the **Beach Boys** or **The Beatles**. It's the "feel good" album of the year!

Fred derf

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN Thrang Thrang Gozinblux (DGM)

Assembled from two live show recordings made during **The League of Gentlemen's** 1980 world tour, this "official bootleg" of theory nerd **Robert Fripp's** "experimental dance band" is perplexing.

Fripp starts emphatically at the end of the recording that he wants the audience to dance—no, he REALLY wants them to dance, seriously—but for one can't envision myself doing so. Were I in a noisy club, watching Fripp wheedle, his constructivist heart out on his guitar, surrounded by others doing likewise, I might, perhaps, dance. But in my room listening to the recording on CD? No. This is headphone music with song titles like "Hypnotopopapopapopapop" and "Ooch! Mr. Fripp!" The only thing that separates **The League of Gentlemen** from most Frippian conceptual prog rock is the upbeat rhythm section with its punk rock drummer, Johnny Teabod, and New Wave bassist, Sae Lee

[whose bizarre scales exercises serve to underscore Frapp's alarmingly rational guitar playing]. In fact, this album sounds soooooo calculated that I have the sneaking suspicion that it may be a musical palindrome concocted by Frapp as an ironic statement about life in the postmodern world.

Maybe I'm not intellectual enough to want to dance to The Robert Frapp Band (as The League of Gentlemen was largely billed during the tour), but that is itself begs the question: Who is it? Barbara

THE MODS

Twenty 2 Months (Other People's Music)
Just like Vancouver's Zulu Records who released a series of classic punk CDs from bands of a bygone era (*Painted Sticks*, *Modernettes*, et al.), Toronto's Other Peoples Music has done the same for fans of forgotten bands from Ontario circa late '70s—early '80s. *The Mods* (who also went under the moniker of *The News*) were a Scarborough-based mod group who generated quite a following around southern Ontario and the Great Lakes states like Ohio, Michigan and Illinois.

During their short existence they managed to sell 1,000 copies of their debut single, open for *The Specials* at the height of the ska explosion, and star in a movie about the demise of the faded horseshoe tavern called *The Last Pogo*. If you're at all into mod music or just want to hear some great Canadian music from the past, all 21 songs on this CD won't disappoint.

Bryce Dunn

PIERROT PREMIER

Orange Clouds Over Battery Park (Jungle Sky)
Place the cool control of a chrome wall dinner in a trippy pattern of '70s wall paper and you have the immediate visual imagery of *Pierrot Premier's* *Orange Clouds Over Battery Park*. The CD cover suits the jazzy, progressive techno of this New York music set.

This is the kind of music you may want to take into your soul and let it be the very beat of your heart. Coming from the progressive, intelligent side of techno, they have added their own orange clouds of '70s cliché with jazzy sparkles of electronic organs and ambient ruses of techno. A smooth combination of trippy patterns indeed.

Sarah Berk

ALEX REECE

So Far (Quango/Island)
A pillar of mainstream drum 'n' bass music, the Brit *Reece* has produced the latest *Everything But The Girl* album.

These House-like potential club anthems could have had the same effect on you. Track 7 is named after that mecca of pills, pills 'n' cheese-fueled turntables, "Ibiza," while the press release says "vocals on the first track [Fed The Sunshine]—(cringe) are reminiscent of Björk." Nice PR, guys, but singer Deborah Anderson recalls a cheeseburger, the one with piglets and giant pink teddy bears.

For all these slabs of cheddar, there is an intellectually summery vibe. "Candles" should be blasted out while zooming down an empty highway on a summer's morning, clear sky and open top. With ecstatic, almost laughing background treble, "Candles" is reminiscent of Jamiroquai's foray into drum 'n' bass.

Grade: B+. Could do better. Advice to parent/guardian manager: try giving him some bad advice instead of all those Es or locking him in room with *Tricky*; his remix of *Tricky's* "Brand New You're Rehe" was excellent, all sped up and appropriately fucked up. Needs to concentrate more on his dark side.

Darth Vader

RHYTHM & NOISE

Chasm's Accord (Asphodel)
This anthology oddly has the same title and cover art as their

1985 release, but it is not the same. It contains tracks from their earlier albums as well as six previously unreleased recordings. *Rhythm & Noise's* sound is comparable to that of *Throbbing Gristle*, but most of these recordings actually predate TG's. Much of the music leans to the macabre with recurring apocalyptic themes.

Tracks range from blurring guttural soundscapes like "Slugspeak" to clamorous acoustic violence in "Cellar M." These freaks used to capture audience abduction and mobilization crucial elements of live performances. Their live shows have been completely interactive, being more akin to performance art than to typical rock concerts. Anyone interested in early industrial and experimental music should find this album to be quite remarkable.

Kevin Dimples

TEENAGE HEAD

Teenage Head (Other People's Music)
This isn't a new album. It's a reissue of *Teenage Head's* first album that was first released in the late '70s. This isn't anything that could listen to very often or for very long, but it's a good reminder of Canada's punk rock roots. If you do decide to buy it, however, do yourself a favour: don't look at the cover until you get it home. You'll never buy it if you do.

Dave Tolnai

THE TEEN IDLES

(Dischord)
This is a release of a bunch of songs from *Ian MacKaye's* first band that were too crappy to make it onto their original 7". It is not the long, lost demo collection of an amazing band that could have made it. It is not an incredible display of genius of *Ian MacKaye* at a young age. It is not good sounding music in any way. However, it is the 100th release of Dischord records and it shouldn't be bought for any other reason. Personally, I don't think that this is the best way to

celebrate such a milestone, but I was only three when Dischord started so maybe I'm just too young to understand.

Dave Tolnai

VARIOUS ARTISTS

A Storm Of Drones (Asphodel)
What you get if you buy the *Storm Of Drones* is three discs, that's THREE discs of ambient music. The first is mostly Canadian-made ambient, and is titled the *Audio disc*, the second disc is the *Environmental*, and the third is the *Immersive*.

The first disc seems to use recombined samples of electronics and field recordings; the second, mostly field recordings; and the third seems purely electronic. In the introduction (written in part by *DI Spooky*, who appears on disc two) the artists dissociate themselves from "Eno-style ambient" music, meaning the "fictional psycho-acoustic space," describing the work as "the latent potential of motion...the sound of informational rain." In some cases I think it's true—this isn't Eno ambient—but overall, the three albums never stray from the long, textured, organic pieces that feel like you're looking over the ocean, watching small waves eclipse each other. Since Eno coined the phrase, we've had people like the *Orb*, *G*Park*, *Muslingauze*, etc. creating a whole new structure for ambient music.

Newt Human, who compiled these artists, has chosen a limited style of ambient, one that stays in this passive mode, to keep the "Storm" more consistent, but I feel like I'm getting too much of the same thing. There is the sense of movement in many of these works, as the introduction describes, especially on *Gregory Lenzyckil's* work "Temporal Filter Coefficient," and *Robert Normandeau's* "Tangram" except, where it feels like you're in a helicopter zipping low over city streets and watersheds. Each artist's work on these discs is really exceptional, but the moment you put the first CD

on, you won't come across a single work that surprises you.

Lee Henderson

VARIOUS ARTISTS

California Skakaque 2: The Afterstock Compilation (Moon)
This new compilation from the best of California ska is definitely a good follow-up to the first. The opening track is by *Venice Shoreline* Chris (hey, isn't he Canadian!), aka Chris Murray from *King Apparatus* and, now, the lead vocalist from the band *One*. This is a track from his solo project *The Four-Track Adventures of...* which is a definite must-have in every good ska collection.

This album is chock full of great traditional-style ska, including *Ocean II*, whose intro begins with that great vinyl crackle sound. There're fabulous horns, such as on my favourite track by *Chico and the Hornets*, entitled "What's the Name of Cookie?" which also happens to be one of the few instrumental pieces on the album. I was pleasantly surprised to hear what could be California's next *No Doubt* and the *Dance Hall Crashers* (beware the unfortunate big label sellouts) in the bands *Lone Raspberry* and *Sue Ferris*.

This ska comp satisfies most ska listeners by providing what I've dubbed "aggro-ska," with bands like *Meatlicket*, and *Out of Order*, as well as traditional styles of the third wave ska movement, like *Checkmate* and *Skipthoat*. It also comes complete with swing ska, such as *Seespot*, and *Los Hoologans*, and of course the combo spyka that every comp needs, the tracks by *Undercover Ska*.

Julie Watson

GERT WILDEN & ORCHESTRA SCHULMADCHEN REPORT (EFA)
BERNARD HERRMANN A PARTNERSHIP IN TERROR (Silva Screen)
There is currently a virtual avalanche of "soundtrack" albums

available: everything from movies, TV shows to video games. Soundtrack albums have become an essential marketing tool and money-maker for the media. Unfortunately most of these releases are just plain boring and bad. A good soundtrack should evoke strong images from the film, yet should also be able to stand on their own. The benchmark is the work of *Ennio Morricone*, whose music defined whole movie genres. These two new releases are particularly enjoyable and worthy additions to anyone's collection.

Coinciding with the release of the remastered film *Vertigo* by Hitchcock, a number of new recordings of *Bernard Herrmann's* film music are now available. The collaboration between Herrmann and Hitchcock had much to do with the success of their films. *Herrmann/Hitchcock's A Partnership in Terror* featuring the Prague Philharmonic conducted by Paul Bateman, offers up a delicious survey of film music from *Vertigo*, *Psycho* to *Torn Curtain*. Unfortunately, Herrmann's score for *Torn Curtain* was never used, the movie execs considering it too dark, thus leading to the premature end to the Herrmann/Hitchcock collaboration.

The work of composer and band leader *Gerit Wilden*, a prolific TV and movie composer, covered all genres, from crime to westerns and even erotica. *Schulmadchen Report* serves as an overview of his scores for a series of late '60s and early '70s German nudie films by the same title. These films were originally thus disguised as sociological documentaries on teenage lust and loose morals. Though quickly naive, it is now a counter point to the wholesome Heimat films, and the brilliantly angstridden films of the German "new wave." Wilden's clever compositions acrobatically juggle music styles, creating a melange of '60s rock, funk, blues lounge and even Bavarian beerhall music, that are just plain fun.

pcs.



CiTR Radio/DiSCORDER contributors' TOP 5 PICKS o' 96

Polyfiller 8.00-9.30 AM Wed.
(in the quiet ol' days)
Kelo Hudeki - Hope & Despair
Guh-Guh
Motochess Jenn zurn - Bar Kokhba
Gastr del Sol - Upgrade & Afterlife
Brun Tobin - Sings Figgly Duff

1 VIA Cocktail Mix: Martini Madness (Rhino)
2 Moving into a co-op
3 The Divine Comedy 'Casanova' (Setanta)
4 VIA 'Night and Day - Cole Porter songbook' (Venue)
5. Nite Cave
Start Mekinikal Buffoonery Top 5 MON

NAKED RANO
TOP 5 TUES NIGHT
BILL FRIESEL
N QUARTET
RACHEL'S
N THE SEA
THE BELLS
DAVE DOUGLAS
FIVE
N SELF TITLED
STEPHEN SCOTT
N VIKINGS OF
THE SUNRISE
GASTR DEL SOL
N UPGRADE &
AFTERLIFE

miko's and sometimes
why top 5 CONCERTS
of '96! (in no order)
★ buffalo daughter
@ *X
★ for carnation,
jessamine, & blaise
pascal @ *X
★ place & cyndi
dali @ mbe
... (seattle)
★ CMJ NYC (low, lais,
lambchop, dj spooly,
knitting factory, bian
bian, edin first, slater,
kiani, dan cooler, twinich,
black violin slax,
★ ROCK FOR CHILDREN /
VOCAL TEAM DESIGN,
MECCA NORMAN

LOVE SUCKS TOP ITEMS
MIKO'S PEN - WHICH WE INTEND TO STEAL
JOSEPH'S TOP BOOTS
PHOTOK
FROM NOB TO TOMB
DS RUMORS
VAOTIM
NO WAY FOR KIMMY - VARIETY 4 EASY
ANARCHY PARTY
BRADY'S RUMBLE FINGERS
THIS GLORIOUS HOLIDAY SEASON...

Megan's Top 5 for 1996!!!
(music director)
1. Modest Mouse - This is a long drive... up
2. Lord of the Flies - Burdette & Jay! up
3. Butter 08 - Butter Grand Royal
4. Jackass - Music for Julie Delpe (class) Smiley
5. Henry's Drums/Rocketship tour 7"

FLIBUSTER
TOP 3 BONGWATER QUOTES:
1. "And what about chicken pussy? Is it
cutting - I mean, what's the story?"
2. "Besides, it's a whole lot easier to
accept Jesus Christ as your personal savior
when he looks like Willem Dafoe."
3. "And I think: ooooh, he's not like me like
me."

Witch doctor TUES NIGHT
Highball!
1. Suk patch -
"hauling grass
and smokin' oil"
2. Gastr del Sol -
"Upgrade and
afterlife" co
3. Age of Wice and
string a back b
Ben Marcus
4. Dr. Octogon
"Sf" LP
5. Breaking the Waves
Film by Lars von

KNEETUNE'S ROOM
TOP 5 APR 1996
1. BANCO DE GAIAS
LIVE ALBUM!
4. CT ROLLAND W. THE
LOOPS OF ACID!
3. THE RETURN OF
TRANSFORMERS TO TV!
2. WALKING INTO A
WILKED ISHAKURA
STORE IN LITTLE
INDIA SINGAPORE AND
EVERYONE LOOKED AT
ME IN SURPRISE (FOR
NOT BEING INDIAN)!
1. DISCOVERING A
CAMELION ORCHESTRA
FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN CENTRAL JAVA!
-CHRISTIAN

STEVE EDGE TOP 5 of 1996 SAT
MORN
1. EN SPECTACLE - LA BOTTINE SOURCEMATE
2. GREAT IRISH BANDS AT THE ROGUE K.C.
3. WORLD OF SLIDE GUITAR CONCERT
4. DAVID LINDELY & MARI MAGER AT MISION
5. MANCHESTER UNITED winning the Double
AGAIN!

DISTORTED CIRCUITRY
DJ Morgan le Fay
1006 TOPS
Until 184
Download
Spokane Ranch
Meditation Workshop
Frontline Assembly
electro/industrial
path
Best
Concert
head
gear
works
to
strut

TDS 5
LATH SONGS
1) HEEMANOS
ROSARIO "BUENA
DE SHINE"
2) JOSE ALBERTO
"LA LA HOER QUE
ME HANEN VEG"
3) RAMON COLUMBO
"EL VENAO"
4) HUEGLES
"LA MORENA"
5) KING AFRICA
"CACHETE, PACHITO
Y ONELICO"
Rmco
LATINO
SHOW
THEY
9PM

Marlene's Top 5
0 Thinking Fellers
2) Yo la Tengo
Genius + Love
3) New Style!
4) Good mixed tapes
5) Letters from
Stella. ☆
☆

"LIVE! AT THE HI-HAT'S YEAR-END REVUE/REVIEW
① SLEATER-KINNEY - SLEATER-KINNEY + CALL THE
DOCTOR + NOV. 1, CROCODILE CAFE, SEATTLE, WA
② THE MAKE-UP - DESTINATION: LOVE/LIVE! AT COLD
RICE ③ THE COMPLETE STAX/VOLT SINGLES, VOL 2:
1958-1971 ④ BILLY CHILDISH - MADE WITH A PAS-
SANT KITCHEN DEMO'S [sic] ⑤ FILM/VIDEO:
JEM - WHEN - LIST BOON FOUND
BROUGHT TO YOU, AS ALWAYS, BY THE GOOD PEOPLE AT PALSTAFF

BARBARA: MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW
WED. 2-3 PM
1. the NEED @ the Seattle GIRL CONV.
2. KENICKIE "catsuit CITY" 7"
3. MY FAKES SCANDAL w/ the CRTG
4. SIOUXSIE ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡
5. WELCOME to the Dollhouse: the MOVIE

TOP 5 CDs (AND THE CRITICAL LISTENING LIQUID)
VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVEPEN - FRI MORN
① LE'S FARTER - EXOTIC MESS (unintentional swing)
② ROBERT DRAHMAN + VEE DEE (Zumbie)
③ ANITA LUNAY - HAWAIIAN SUNSET (QUE HAWAIIAN)
④ ESQUIVEL - SPACE AGE R&B NEW P&D
MUSIC (CANCEN)
⑤ VARIOUS - MUND EXACTA (PLATEAU PUNCH)

Breakfast with the Browns MON 8AM -
11AM
V/A... THE CRIME SCENE... ULTRALOUNGE
NEARLY 400... NEARLY 400... ISLAND
RHEOSTATICS... MUSIC INSPIRED BY... DROG
THE GROUP OF 7
V/A... THIS ARE MOONSKA... MOON LABEL
LOOP GURU... AMITRA... WAVE FORM

Top 5 motorcycles currently in the "MOTUODADDY"
5) 1994 Honda Elite (my 5 yr. old can drive it) c-30
4) 1981 Yamaha IT 465 (1rg. displacement enduro)
3) 1977 Honda CB550 (it's a chopper!) 1300cc
2) 1971 Honda CB350 (what they call a "scrambler")
1) 1970 BMW RT5/5 (I call it "Des Baticycle")
* Wed 3-5pm * REPEAL HELMET LAWS! *

• these are a few of our fa v-oh-writ ('96) things •

january '97 LONG VINYL january '97 SHORT VINYL january '97 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 nuevo rancho	get outta dodge	mint
2 various artists	in defense of animals	caroline
3 screeching weasel	bark like a dog	fat wack chords
4 the evaporators	united empire loyalists	nardwaz
5 cat power	what would the community...	matador
6 descender	everything sucks	epitaph
7 the subhumans	pleased off...	essential noise
8 enfu	fyuba	epitaph
9 johnny cash	unchained	american
10 hanson brothers	sudden death	essential noise
11 rachel's	the sea and the bells	quartetstick
12 various artists	heide sez	lookout!
13 electric skychurch	together	moonshine
14 veda hille	epine	independent
15 banco de gala	live at glastonbury	planet dog
16 overwhelming colorfast	moonlight & caetaneta	headhunter
17 future sounds of london	dead cities	elv/virgin
18 various artists	jahberjaw: pure sweet hell	mammoth
19 dub narcotic featuring kls	ship to shore	k
20 utah philips & anti difranco	the past didn't go...	righteous babe
21 various artists	into topological space	world dom.
22 jn spencer blues explosion	now i got worry	matador
23 the inbreds	its eldney or...	pit/ag/atlastic
24 the x-rays	double godzilla with cheese	empty
25 various artists	hype soundtrack	sub pop
26 knock-down-ginger	take out	zulu
27 the new bomb turks	scared straight	epitaph
28 various artists	this is home entertainment	liquid ely
29 aged of chaka	masonic youth	empty
30 luscious jackson	fever in fever out	grand royal
31 various artists	wipeout xl	astralwerks
32 lamb	lamb	fontana
33 the sciesoor girls	staticland	load
34 team dreech	captain my...	chainsaw/candyass
35 elvez	g.i. ay ay blues	big pop

1 junior variety	gol to the ice cream...	peek-a-boo
2 kinnie star	woven	violet inch
3 placebo4	sailor boy	ship&anchor
4 ecceat agent	no winners no losers	mum'n'dad
5 jump rope	no happy songs	tree kitten
6 mecca normal	parle in april	k
7 shiva speedway/the cat	lon epit	echostatic
8 elliot	hateful days	fresh bread
9 ugly beauty	rotten	lux
10 shebrewa/ninian hawk	epit	grimsey
11 satan's pilgrims	the rise and fall of flingel bunt	k
12 the tower recordings	train lips	spirit of orr
13 sparkmarker	sawed off but ellent	sub pop
14 songs: ohia	one pronunciation...secretly canadian	
15 the grumples	like any other day	independent
16 submiesion hold	kamikaze quagga	independent
17 electric frankenstein	action high	intensive
18 eukpatch	carving countries	elabco
19 satiefact	life abroad	k
20 double nelson	bivouac	roomtone
21 kactus	summer vacation	sonorama
22 maasey ferguson	thrill of victory	x-ray hip
23 teen titans	more songs, less music	peek-a-boo
24 the nonpareils	engine ep	papercut
25 764-hera	high school poetry	up
26 climax golden twine	microspace patrol fire breathing turtle	
27 lousy	kewl	saapy
28 the krinkles	feelin' like a crustacean	cannibal
29 absolute zero	no escape	allied
30 rope	a thing of beauty...	independent
31 noggin/azucar	epit	sweet baboo
32 purple knight	crocodile in the swamp	venison creek
33 the snow queen	west tone song	emilex
34 the files	teen challenge	empty
35 smack dab	future	hc

1 the colorifice	747 (now i see heaven)
2 the molestics	now's the time
3 readymade	first base is sleeping
4 oh susanna	shame
5 the stupes	devilina
6 celestial magenta	salad days
7 the hounds of buskerville	sorry
8 euphonix	let's get out of these monkey suits
9 wandering lacy	baby eyes
10 mizmo	tarantino cringe
11 submiesion hold	ed anger
12 wave	for days
13 chronometer	50 flags
14 epm	justify/glorify to god
15 the July fourth toilet	free as a bird
16 coal	chemicals
17 iving law trio	170 ways
18 gaze	jellybean
19 mike ewarus	space is totally silent
20 9696	apothecols
21 the mysterons	barbeque with elvis
22 forgotten	we are one
23 touch and gos	campus radio boy
24 mollie's revenge	i wanna b
25 the wingnuts	hate my job
26 evil roy elade	head of jeue
27 something aka	mr. roustabout
28 back room ehag	the back of your head
29 jung robote	bustop
30 destroyer	karen is in rome
31 un	surreal meal deal
32 dirtmitte	fishing
33 squeaky	ten twenty-three
34 proston	planetra
35 veronica	der criminal

THE JAZZ SHOW'S TOP 5 (MON. 9pm-12am)
 BUDDY RICH - BIG SWING FACE
 GRANT GREEN - SUNDAY MORNIN'
 RENEE ROSENESS - ANCESTORS
 VARIOUS - BIRTH OF THE THIRD STREAM
 THELONIOUS MONK - STRAIGHT NO CHASER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE HUMAN ANIMAL
 MON. NIGHT MIDNIGHT
 ZENI GEVA
 (FREEDOM BONDAGE)
 YONA KIT
 PMD (BUSINESS IS
 BUSINESS)
 BOREDOMS
 (SUPERBOOTS 6)
 DJ SPOOKY
 (SONGS OF A
 DEAD DREAMER)
 by collin k.
 knight

Laha's Top
 Five!
 1. Monotony!
 2. Flossie and the
 Unicorns!
 3. Bananafish!
 4. Scissor Girls!
 5. Hungry Russy!
 (Little Twin
 Stars)



KEN'S TOP FIVE DISORDER FONTS
 1. Frutiger Roman
 2. Bertold City Medium
 3. Garish Monde
 4. violation
 5. Gothic 13

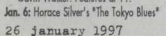
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**Happy New
Year From
CiTP**

Arts	Kiley Fitchner
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Entertainment	Chris Allison
Mobile Sound	Ken Orchard
Music	Megan Mallett
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Programming	Natasha Kuzimovich
Record Librarian	Tiziana Winchell
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Traffic	Sarah Stacey
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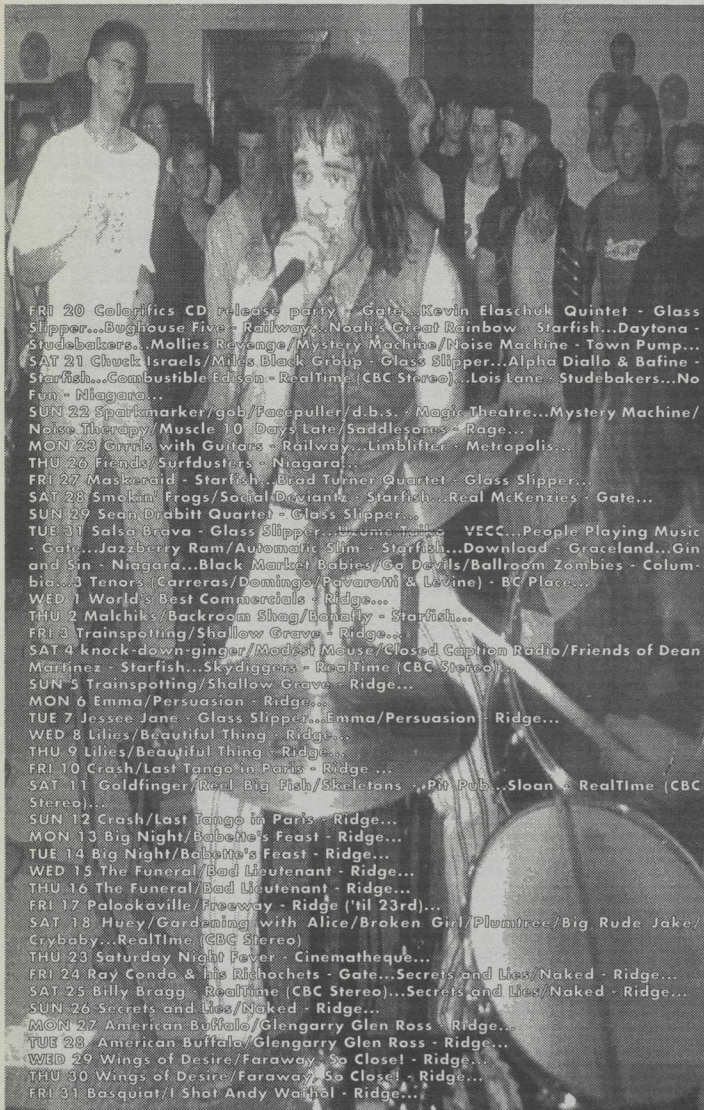
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
8	THE CTR MORNING SHOW / BBC WORLD SERVICE					8
9	are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Fillerin	musical interludes	Venus Flytrap's Love Den
10				DIGITAL ALARM	music for robots	Telesis
11				CHRONOMETER	Filler Buster	Ste-e's Bionic Brine
12	NEWS	THE STUPID RADIO SHOW	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE		CANADIAN LUNCH	KNEPTUNE'S ROOM/seedling
1	ROCKERS SHOW	MEKANIKAL BUFFONERY	pink kitty power hour	love sucks	Steve and Mike	LUCKY SCRATCH
2			Polyfiller	MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW	Justin's time	Little Twin Stars
3	WIRELESS/FILL IN	Meat-Eating Vegan Girlfood	RADIO FREE WOMEN	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARDWAU/ROSE
4	Radio Blue Wavvvv	THE CTR DINNER REPORT				5
5	QUEER FM	Flaming Carpiillar	Awara House	ISOTERIC/ SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	nation to nation / African Rhythms
6	Get the Jay	polyphonic/ hip hop habi	UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	
7	GeeTaNaLi	RITMO LATINO	tropical diary	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL		HOME BASS
8	ONE STEP BEYOND RADIO FREE AMERICA	THE JAZZ SHOW	NAKED RADIO/ witchdoctor highball	str8 outta jallundar	Sector 7 / Groove Jumping	
9						Limp Sink
10	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	HUMAN ANIMAL/ DRUM'N'SPACE	AURAL TENTACLES	PTEDREAMS/ OPEN SEASON/ RADIO FREE BABYLON	DISTORTED CIRCUITRY	
11						Lucid Soul
12						
1						
2						
3						
4						

january datebook



good old hardware will probably never allow us to interview him, but that won't prevent us from appreciating his ability to entertain... photo taken by Andrew Dennison at the evaporators' record release party on Nov. 30th.

everything you need to know
about...
everywhere you need to go



FRI 20 Colorifics CD release party - Gate...Kevin Elaschuk Quintet - Glass Slipper...Bughouse Five - Railway...Noah's Great Rainbow - Starfish...Daytona - Studebakers...Mollies Revenge/Mystery Machine/Noise Machine - Town Pump...SAT 21 Chucks/Israels/Mitts Black Group - Glass Slipper...Alpha Diallo & Bafine - Starfish...Combustible Edison - RealTime (CBC Stereo)...Lois Lane - Studebakers...No Fun - Niagara...SUN 22 Sparkmarker/gob/Pacepuller/d.b.s. - Magic Theatre...Mystery Machine/Noise Therapy/Muscle 10 Days Late/Saddlesons - Ridge...MON 23 Ords with Guitars - Railway...Limblifter - Metropolis...THU 26 Friends/Surfdusters - Niagara...FRI 27 Maskaroid - Starfish...Brad Turner Quartet - Glass Slipper...SAT 28 Smokin' Frogs/Social Deviants - Starfish...Real McKenzies - Gate...SUN 29 Sean Drabitt Quartet - Glass Slipper...TUE 31 Salsa Brava - Glass Slipper...Luzma Tanga - VECC...People Playing Music - Gate...Jazzberry Ram/Automatic Slim - Starfish...Download - Graceland...Gin and Sin - Niagara...Black Market Babies/Go Devils/Ballroom Zombies - Columbia...3 Tenors (Carreras/Domingo/Pavarotti & Levine) - BC Place...WED 1 World's Best Commercials - Ridge...THU 2 Malchiks/Backroom Shag/Bonafide - Starfish...FRI 3 Trainspotting/Shallow Grave - Ridge...SAT 4 knock-down-tinger/Modest Mouse/Closed Caption Radio/Friends of Dean Martinez - Starfish...Skydiggers - RealTime (CBC Stereo)...SUN 5 Trainspotting/Shallow Grave - Ridge...MON 6 Emma/Persuasion - Ridge...TUE 7 Jesse Jane - Glass Slipper...Emma/Persuasion - Ridge...WED 8 Lilies/Beautiful Thing - Ridge...THU 9 Lilies/Beautiful Thing - Ridge...FRI 10 Crash/Last Tango in Paris - Ridge...SAT 11 Goldfinger/Reel Big Fish/Skeletons...PM Pub...Sloan - RealTime (CBC Stereo)...SUN 12 Crash/Last Tango in Paris - Ridge...MON 13 Big Night/Babe's Feast - Ridge...TUE 14 Big Night/Babe's Feast - Ridge...WED 15 The Funeral/Bad Lieutenant - Ridge...THU 16 The Funeral/Bad Lieutenant - Ridge...FRI 17 Palookaville/Freeway - Ridge ('til 23rd)...SAT 18 Huey/Gardening with Alice/Broken Girl/Plumtree/Big Rude Jake/Crybaby...RealTime (CBC Stereo)...THU 23 Saturday Night Fever - Cinematheque...FRI 24 Ray Condo & his Richochets - Gate...Secrets and Lies/Naked - Ridge...SAT 25 Billy Bragg - RealTime (CBC Stereo)...Secrets and Lies/Naked - Ridge...SUN 26 Secrets and Lies/Naked - Ridge...MON 27 American Buffalo/Glengarry Glen Ross - Ridge...TUE 28 American Buffalo/Glengarry Glen Ross - Ridge...WED 29 Wings of Desire/Faraway So Close - Ridge...THU 30 Wings of Desire/Faraway So Close - Ridge...FRI 31 Basquiat/I Shot Andy Warhol - Ridge...

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance) 488 6219
Alma Street Cafe 2505 Alma (at Broadway) 222 2244
Anzo Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128
Arts Hotline 684 2287
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie) 689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1555 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald) 732 5087
Cafe Deux Soleils 2095 Commercial (the Drive) 254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant) 873 1331
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davis (at Burrard) 689 3180
CN Linx Theatre 999 Canada Place 682 4629
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 683 3757
Commodore Ballroom 870 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 7838
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1531
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (Gastown) 683 5637
Crosstown Traffic 316 W. Hastings (downtown) 689 7573
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End) 683 2201
DVB 515 Davis (downtown) 682 4388
Edison Electric Gallery/Cafe 916 Commercial (the Drive) 255 4162
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0926
Food Not Bombs Vancouver 872 6719
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 822 2678
George Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown) 822 9364
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown) 684 4455
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown) 688 8701
Glass Slipper 2714 Prince Edward (Mount Pleasant) 877 0066
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown) 688 3448
Greg's Place 45844 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack) 795 3334
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hastings Community Centre 2096 E. Hastings (near PNE) 255 2606
Harris C. 324 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 4631
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
Hudson's Bay Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007
Is Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown) 685 7777
Lucky's 3934 Main 873 9858
Lynx/Fat 1275 Seymour (downtown) 685 3288
Mars 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 MARS
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown) 688 8701
Metropolis 10759 135th Street (Surrey) 688 7574
N 5 Niagara Hotel Pub 435 W. Pender (downtown) 689 6644
Odyssey Imports 534 Seymour (downtown) 682 2291
Old American Pub 928 Main (Chilliwack) 685 3050
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown) 688 3456
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 255 0371
Paradise 27 Church (New West) 681 1732
Pine Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 876 2747
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 682 3221
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 682 6273
Pi Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC) 681 6740
Pi Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 685 7050
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 473 1593
Rakish Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 685 5885
The Rags 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 681 1625
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour) 687 6794
Richards' On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown) 738 6111
Riviera Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.) 874 6200
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown) 687 6355
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown) 733 2821
Side Door 2291 W. Broadway (Kih) 876 7463
Southall Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th) 682 4171
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown) 689 0096
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End) 688 3312
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (at Main) 888 0016
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmuir (downtown) 876 7463
South Hill Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th) 681 8915
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)
The Tower 339 W. Hastings (downtown)
Town Pump 66 Water (Gastown)
Track Records 552 Seymour (downtown)
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown)
UBC CINEMA (located in the SUB)
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)
The Underground 1082 Granville (downtown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria) 254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 876 4165
Vancouver Music Society (info)
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)
Vert 2412 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Video in Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)
Western Front (303 E. 8th Ave)
Wine Theatre 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main)
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)
Women in Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)
Tale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)
Records 1829 W. 4th (Kitsilano)

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**The Josephine Wiggs
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Say all you want about the recent slough of
the *Brothers* solo projects, this record is
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created a beehive of up-front, well crafted pop
songs that will have you in and drop you out.

16" CD 12" LP

FLYING SAUCER ATTACK

Sally Free and Easy ca-1P

All points bulletin. The UK has been
swarmed with aliens able to take on any
shape or form. Earthlings, be on the lookout
for pulsating guitar feedback that may
even be coming out very. They come walking
into your ears, to make us "blissed out."
They come over the ocean... in droves!

9" CD-EP



JOHN ZORN Filmworks VI ca

Ricardo soundtrack music created and per-
formed by the always innovative Mr.
Zorn and a few of his talented friends
(*Urban Village*, Robert Quine,
Cyro Baptista). Seemingly defying
the laws of sound, this recording cabale-
ly brings together nearly every musical
genre you can imagine.

16" CD

VARIOUS ARTISTS Punk-O-Rama Volume 2 ca

Tight budget? Well, we've got the perfect
ticket for your Punk-O-Rama! This record
isn't just the hottest rock 'n' roll
"am gig" going! Get this, the almighty
of *Epitaph's* fab punk rock stable all under
one roof - it's ready to blow.

5" CD

STRAPPING FIELDHANDS

Gobs On The Midway ca

Healing from Philly, I tell you these
Strapping Fieldhands are the
sleeping stars of the *Matador* camp!
Their art (gone mostly unnoticed) now
emerges into a light of all its own - stark,
bold and delightfully passionate. Swill this
well-steeped booze per noel!

16" CD

DR. OCTAGON

Instrumentalyst ca/2LP

Picking the good Dr. *Octagon's* sci-
ence fiction along is a finely crafted set
of beats. Realizing this, the also good
falls at *Mr. Wiggs* have graciously
released the uncompromised beats of
their own time. With good reason we say.
Thanks doctor. IMPORT

22" CD 22" 2LP

STEREOLAB

Financeses ca-1P

Ahh, the hypocritically bubbly groove pop
of *Stereolab* is so pleasant and so
charming that we just can't get enough of
it. Thankfully, with *Emperors*

Tomato Ketchup still reverberating
in our dreamy memories, another EP
release has come reborn... and it glows.

9" CD-EP

LABRADFORD

Labradford ca/1P

Incorporating strings, samples and subtle
rhythms, *Labradford's* self-titled
third record explores a wide range of
minimalist compositions. Blending the
textured melodicism of *Precision*
with the bass-laden drones of *A Stable*
Reference, this record captures
Labradford at their creative best.

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1996 Zulu Releases

knock-down-ginger.....**Take Out** (CD/Cass)
Sook-Yin Lee.....**Wigs And Guns** (CD)
Daytona.....**Sustain** (CD/Cass)

Previous Zulu Releases

Modernettes.....**Get It Straight** (CD)
Young Canadians.....**No Escape** (CD)
Painted Sticks.....**Part Of The Noise** (CD)
knock-down-ginger...**snowman's land** (CD/Cass)
Perfume Tree.....**A Lifetime Away** (CD/Cass)
Sook-Yin Lee.....**Lavinia's Tongue** (CD/Cass)
Perfume Tree.....**The Suns Running Out** (CD/Cass)
Daytona.....**Chicane** (CD/Cass)
Bob's Your Uncle.....**Cages** (CD/Cass)
Lung.....**Magnum Opiate** (CD/Cass)
Cool.....**Coal** (CD/Cass)
Perfume Tree.....**Dust** (CD/Cass)
Tankhog.....**House Of Beauty** (CD/Cass)

ZULU'S TOP TENS OF 1996!

From the desk of...

GRANT M

His Name Is Alive *Sons On E.S.P.*
The Make-Up *Destination: Love* —
Live! At Cold Rice
Dave Navin *Interstate City*
R.O.C. *R.O.C.*
Liys *Better Can't Make Your
Life Better*
Barry Adamson *Oedipus*
Schmoedipus
Man Dr Astronaut? *Experiment Zero*
Jale *So Wound*
Paladins *Million Mile Club*
Raincoats *Looking In The Shadows*

From the desk of...

KEVIN

Evaporators *United Empire Loyalists*
Fastbacks *New Nations In Sound*
High Lamas *Hawaii*
Robyn Hitchcock *Moss Elkor*
Man Dr Astronaut? *Experiment Zero*
Marmalade *Scared Straight*
Nomads *The Cold Hard Facts*
Of Life
Queers *Don't Back Down*
Superconductor *Resting On*
Zamparo *Goin' Through Changes*

From the desk of...

BRADY

Oval *Systemech*
Gastr Del Sol *Upgrade And Afterlife*
Tropics *[products]*
Stereolab *Emperor Tomato Ketchup*
Funk! Porcini *Love, Pussycats And*
Car Wrecks
DJ Videm *USSR*
Main *h2*
Various *Heads II: Mr. Wax*
Compilation
Photek *The Hidden Camera EP*
Trans Am *[products]*

From the desk of...

NIC

1. *Red House Painters* *Songs For A*
Blue Guitar
2. *The Congos* *Heart Of The Congos*
[reissue]
3. *Scud Mountain Boys* *Massachusetts*
4. *Beck* *Odelay*
5. *Wilco* *Being There*
6. *Tortoise* *Millions Now Living Will*
Never Die
7. *The Drifters* *Little High Sky Show*
8. *Joel R.L. Phelps* *Warm Springs Night*
9. *Kevin Kane* *Neighbourhood Watch*
10. *Ass Ponys* *The Known Universe*

From the desk of...

GRANT H

Gastr Del Sol *Upgrade And Afterlife*
Labradford *Labradford*
Trans Am *Illegal Ass 12"*
Dr. Octagon *Dr. Octagon*
Tortoise *Millions Now Living Will*
Never Die
Einstürzende Neubauten *Ende Neu*
Julian Cope *Interpreter*
Rome *Rome*
Dr. Spooky *Songs Of A Dead*
Dreamer
Come *Near Life Experience*

From the desk of...

KEN

1. *Red House Painters* *Songs For A*
Blue Guitar
2. *The Congos* *Heart Of The Congos*
[reissue]
3. *Scud Mountain Boys* *Massachusetts*
4. *Beck* *Odelay*
5. *Wilco* *Being There*
6. *Tortoise* *Millions Now Living Will*
Never Die
7. *The Drifters* *Little High Sky Show*
8. *Joel R.L. Phelps* *Warm Springs Night*
9. *Kevin Kane* *Neighbourhood Watch*
10. *Ass Ponys* *The Known Universe*

From the desk of...

MIKO

Bohdad *The Dark Ages EP*
Cat Power *What Would The*
Community Think
Cyndi Lauper *Unfettered*
Dr. Spooky *Songs Of A Dead Dream*
Gastr Del Sol *Upgrade And Afterlife*
Los Infinitos *Plus*
Rachel's *The Sea + The Bells*
Sleater-Kinney *Call The Doctor*
Tom Dresch *Captain My Captain*
Various *Sidereal Rest*

From the desk of...

CHRISTINE

1. *Suede* *Coming Up*
2. *Divine Comedy* *Casanova*
3. *Prodigy* *Faster Than*
Light
4. *Spyce* *Spydes*
5. *Jack* *Pioneer Soundtracks*
6. *Dodgy* *Free Peace Sweet*
7. *Kula Shaker* *K*
8. *Denim* *Denim On Ice*
9. *Barry Adamson* *Oedipus*
Schmoedipus
10. *Square Pusher* *Port Rhombus*
EP

From the desk of...

THEA

Aphex Twin *Boy/Girl EP*
Barry Adamson *Oedipus Schmoedipus*
Cocktails *Cocktails*
DJ Shadow *Entertroucing*
Golden Palominos *Dead Inside*
Land Of The Loops *Bundle Of Joy*
The Make-Up *Destination Love* —
Live! At Cold Rice
Stereolab *Emperor Tomato Ketchup*
Tom Dresch *Captain My Captain*
Various *Live At The Social* *Volume 1*
[mixed by The Chemical Brothers]

From the desk of...

PAUL

1. *The Make-Up* *Destination: Love* —
Live! At Cold Rice
2. *Squirrel Nut Zippers* *Hot*
3. *Trans Am* *Trans Am*
4. *No Kule* *Drunk On The Moon*
5. *Glenn Gould* *Regards [compilation]*
6. *The Frogs* *My Daughter The Broad*
7. *Mind Science Of The Mind* *Mind*
Science Of The Mind
8. *Alphan Whigs* *Black Love*
9. *The Peaches* *Do The Math*
10. *Tanner* *Ill Gotten Gains*

From the desk of...

RANDY

1. *Zamparo* *Goin' Through Changes*
2. *Unwound* *Repetition*
3. *Beck* *Odelay*
4. *The Peaches* *Do The Math*
5. *Wilco* *Being There*
6. *Railroad Jack* *The Third Rail*
7. *Pest 5000* *Interabang*
8. *Run On* *Start Packing*
9. *The Frogs* *My Daughter The Broad*
10. *The Make-Up* *Destination: Love* —
Live! At Cold Rice